



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>



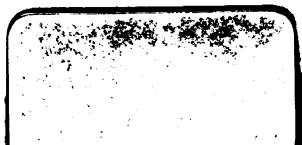
76 Morrell
N. Ford

B
11

Est. Ge. Morrell executors,

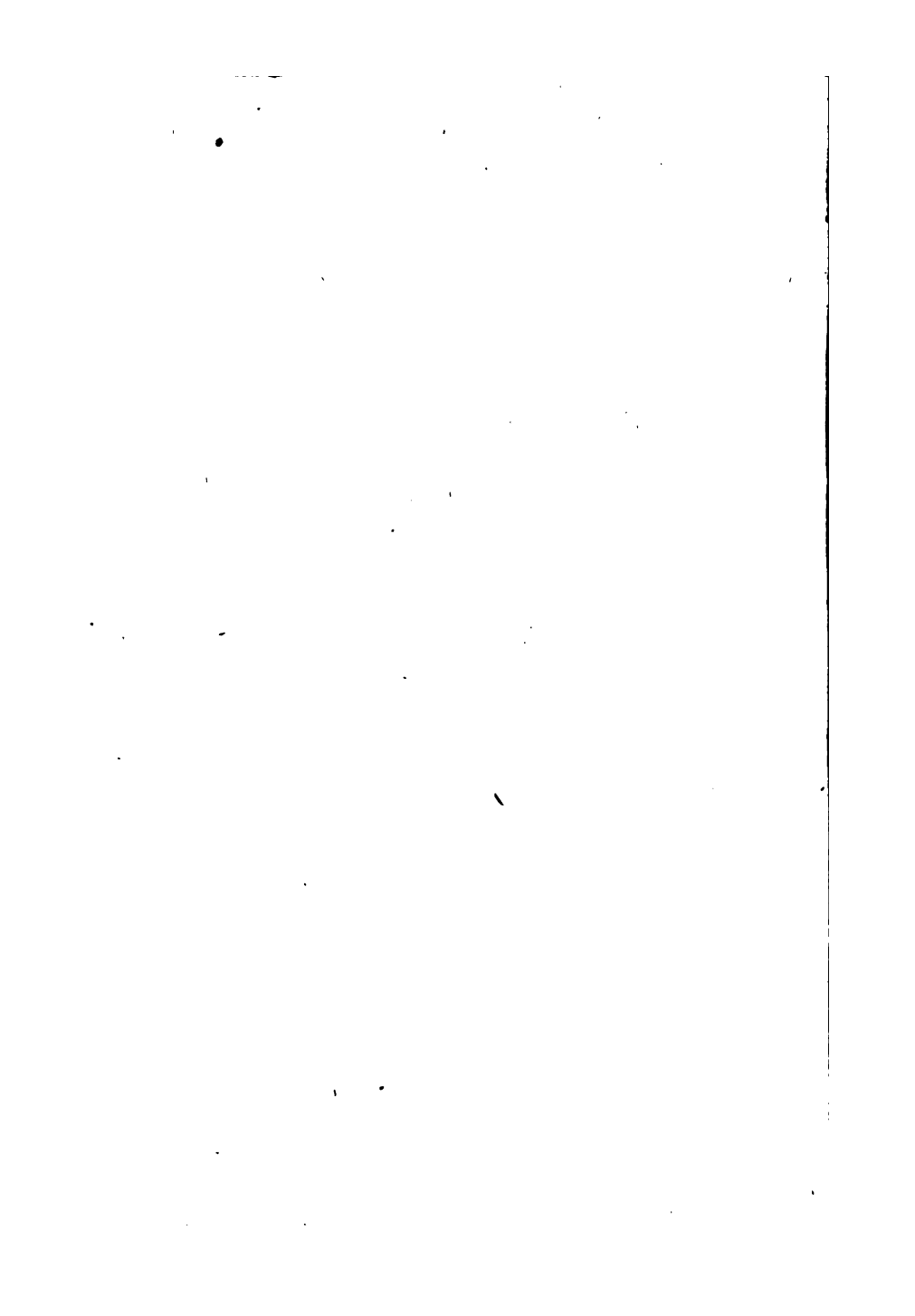
March, 1925.

256 e. 14893













CONFESIONS
OF AN
OXONIAN.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

The world will wonder at two things; that I
should have had so much to confess; and that I
should have confessed so much.—**LORD BYRON.**

Embellished with thirty-six coloured Plates.

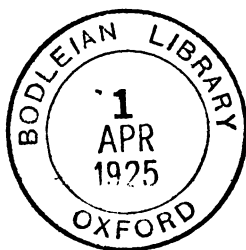
VOL. I.



LONDON:

J. J. STOCKDALE, PRINTER, No. 24, OPERA
COLONNADE.

1826.



3/12
day

LIST OF PLATES.

VOL. I.

	To face page.
1. High Street Oxford.....	13
2. A Packet cabin.....	19
3. The assignation.....	49
4. Adelle and the Oxonian.....	52
5. The Oxonian and stranger.....	101
6. Attic entertainment.....	143
7. Whitsun-ale.....	171
8. Rosamund's well.....	174
9. The Bear Inn, Woodstock.....	180
10. Oxonian, Betty and Jack.....	200
11. Provost and cook.....	205

VOL. II.

12. Poor Lucy.....	7
13. Pedagogue at dinner.....	71
14. Somerton, and the Welsh parson and his sister,.....	110

15. Inner Temple Hall.....	166
16. Rape of the sofa.....	191
17. Tattersall's.....	195
18. Hyde Park Corner.....	197
19. Fives'-Court.....	208
20. The finish.....	210
21. Jewish synagogue.....	213
22. Jessica, her father and the Oxonian.	221
23. Cyder Cellar.....	230

VOL. III.

24. Jessica and the Oxonian.....	11
25. The embarkation	12
26. Antiquarian and monkey	50
27. Palanquin-scene	87
28. Dervish's cottage.....	96
29. Indian forest.....	100
30. Attack of a tiger.....	102
31. Cascades.....	103
32. Outer cave of Vishnu.....	107
33. Grand hall of Vishnu.....	136
34. Death-bed of Hoonah.....	131
35. Hoonah's rape of the infant.....	120
36. Hoonah's intended sacrifice.....	121

ADVERTISEMENT,

BY THE EDITOR.

THE author of these Confessions fell a victim to the prevalence of typhus fever, some time ago, leaving, in the hands of the Editor, the production, now submitted to the public. It was, evidently, intended as an exposure of the real mischief, which the levities, so frequently, not to say generally practised, during a residence at

college, are calculated to produce; and, although the author relates the various follies and vices, which it is his object to condemn, as taking place in his own character, it is a question of doubt, whether, in the actual commission of them, he could have, himself, borne a part, since his high sense of morality, and a religious principle, unconsciously often, and often, designedly, evinces itself, in the course of his work.

However this may be, he has so completely wound himself up, into his subject, as Johnson used to say of

Burke, and speaks with so much apparent sincerity and feeling, on every topic, which he touches, that we follow him, through all he describes, as if he were really, himself, the actor, in the scenes, to which he introduces us.

The novelty of the work, and especially, in extending any adventures, arising in the course of a college-career, beyond the mere pale of the university, is a recommendation, of which, there is no one, who can help feeling conscious.

Of any further claim, which the work may possess, the reader shall be left to judge for himself. As it proceeds, the interest becomes greater, and the incidents appear more striking, as the catastrophe of the story is brought, nearer and nearer, to its developement.

It is necessary to remark that at p. 170 vol. 2, where robbing orchards is spoken of, it should have been mentioned that an act of the last session of parliament has legitimatized that term.

ADVERTISEMENT.

The Drawings were partly made, from the author's own sketches, such as they were, on the very spot, where the occurrences took place; but, whether at those precise moments, or how long afterwards, I cannot aver. It should also be noticed that, in some of the views, out of the precincts of the university, the hero appears in his academical costume, which is not usual among collegians, and more especially, when they are on their pranks, and, therefore, desire to be incog; but it would be too much to say, that this might not have happened, in the scenes, alluded to.

On perusing the printed sheets of this work, the Editor observes, with regret, that, notwithstanding all his pains to render clear the original manuscript, which was written in a very cramp, and illegible hand, and, by no means improved by interlineations, and alterations, blots, erasures, smears, and sometimes even fractures, compound as well as simple, the printer, experienced, as he is, in numerous instances, swerved materially from the Author; and the Editor, being on a tour, could not give that aid, which he wished. Indeed, he must

confess, that the manuscript, throughout required decyphering, and he, therefore, takes blame to himself, for having left the correction of the press under such circumstances, to one, who, then only saw, for the first time, the rough draft of a writer, to whom an amanuensis or transcriber was absolutely requisite.

The Editor, however, consigns these Confessions, with all their merits, and all their demerits, to the reader's hands, hoping that he may derive much gratification from their perusal.

THOMAS LITTLE.

*Editor of Harriette Wilson's
Memoirs; Beauty and Marriage*

*Ceremonies of all Nations; New
Art of Love; Physiognomy;
Anatomy; Dr. Robertson's Ce-
lebrated Book; Love Letters
from the Duke of Marlborough,
&c.*

CONTENTS.

TO

VOLUME I.

CHAP. I.

Introductory	7
--------------	---

CHAP. II.

An illusion of fancy, or something like it	18
--	----

CHAP. III.

Savouring of superstition and other matters	17
---	----

CHAP. IV.

A conversation	22
----------------	----

CONTENTS.

CHAP. V.

The conversation continued	30
----------------------------	----

CHAP. VI.

Reflections on masquerades	42
----------------------------	----

CHAP. VII.

Consequences of the masquerade	46
--------------------------------	----

CHAP. VIII.

Consequences of the masquerade continued	64
--	----

CHAP. IX.

Consequences of the masquerade concluded	83
--	----

CHAP. X.

Symptoms of desperation	87
-------------------------	----

CHAP. XI.

Reflections, with their result and matters thereupon attendant	94
--	----

CHAP. XII.

The catastrophe	100
-----------------	-----

CONTENTS,

iii

CHAP. XIII.

French Theatrical. Departure from Paris. determined on	111
---	-----

CHAP. XIV.

Reform à la mode: that is, the whim of a day or two	120
--	-----

CHAP. XV.

A very singular whim indeed, and perfectly classical.	125
--	-----

CHAP. XVI.

An Athenian bill of fare	133
------------------------------------	-----

CHAP. XVII.

Conclusion of the repast	140
------------------------------------	-----

CHAP. XVIII.

A stroll in Blenheim Park. Origin of evil	151
---	-----

CHAP. XIX.

The late doubts dissolved	161
-------------------------------------	-----

CONTENTS.

CHAP. XX.

Another turn in the Park. Particular providence. Whitsun ale	165
--	-----

CHAP. XXI.

A surprise. Past and present times. Revival of old English hospitality	176
--	-----

CHAP. XXII.

Hotel, Lichfield. Boswell vindicated	193
--------------------------------------	-----

CHAP. XXIII.

An amusing incident. Specimen of truly Oxonian gallantry. Current news of the day at Oxford	198
---	-----

CONTENTS.

TO

VOLUME II.

CHAP. I.

Poor Lucy **5.**

CHAP. II.

Arrival at the Colonel's: his history **15**

CHAP. III.

**Conclusion of the evening's conversation;
in which nothing, of any importance, is
brought to light** **33**

CHAP. IV.

**In which the reader's curiosity is still
further heightened** **39**

CHAP. V.

A distressing sight, An Oxonian frolic	46
--	----

CHAP. VI.

Wilding's narrative continued. Knife-grinding. Man-doctoring. Cow-doctoring. Sow-gelding, and other drolleries	57
--	----

CHAP. VII.

A genuine picture of a pedagogue	76
----------------------------------	----

CHAP. VIII.

Meeting with my adopted parents. Laura.	
Return to Woodstock	75

CHAP. IX.

Oxford. A college-life, Pros and cons, as to the system of education. Advantage of a residence at college, in forming friendships. A lesson.	87
--	----

CHAP. X.

Pedestrian exploring-system. Favourite college-whim, Various characters	95
---	----

CONTENTS

vii

CHAP. XI.

An unsocialised parson. A book-worm. A
bit of the Author's mind on book-hunting 101

CHAP. XII.

More characters 121

CHAP. XIII.

Breakfast. Woodstock. Blenheim. An
anchorite. Argument. 138

CHAP. XIV.

Bear Inn. Expenses of an Oxonian. A
short but pithy chapter 152

CHAP. XV.

Precipitancy in forming opinions. Rattling
of a stage-coach through a town. Arrival
in London. An embryo-lawyer 156

CHAP. XVI.

Seduction and other matters 173

CHAP. XVII.

Shocking story. Female protection. Row 187

CHAP. XVIII.

The schools at Oxford. Faithful portraits.	
Hints,	196

CHAP. XIX.

Fives Court. The Finish. Jewish synagogue. Unexpected adventure. Impropriety of endeavouring to force those of a different creed, into our own	208
--	-----

CHAP. XX.

The Cyder Cellar. A curious group	225
-----------------------------------	-----

CONTENTS.

70

VOLUME III.

CHAP. I.

A bit of a predicament . . . 6

CHAP. II.

A crew of oddities. A missionary. A
German student. The puricaloric
system . . . 19

CHAP. III.

The jesuit and jansenist. The antiquary . 33

CHAP. IV.

A tragi-comical occurrence. Curious speci-
men of gospel dispensation. Phrenology,
and its consequences . . . 53

CHAP. V.

Hints to young men of warm passions, going out to India. A reflection, not unworthy of regard . . .	69
---	----

CHAP. VI.

St. Helena. Napoleon. A savoury repast	75
--	----

CHAP. VII.

Cape-town. Arrival at Bombay. Effects of the motion of a palanquin. Other inter- esting circumstances . . .	81
---	----

CHAP. VIII.

Spectacles, grand, awful, and terrible, beau- tiful and sublime. Events of no small importance.	94
---	----

CHAP. IX.

The temple of Vishnu. Hindoo mythology	132
--	-----

CHAP. X.

Return through the forest. History of the little guide. Dervish's cottage. Revival of intellectual energy in Hindostan. So- ciety in India, its pleasures and its pests. Sorrowful conclusion	147
---	-----

CONTENTS. xi

CHAP. XI.

Disasters.	164
-------------------	------------

CHAP. XII.

Progress of the Hindoos, in civilization. A suttee. A Hindoo parliament	183
--	------------

CHAP. XIII.

Return to England. Discussion. State of the nation.	194
--	------------

CHAP. XIV.

Return to Oxford. Choice of a profes. sion.	209
--	------------

CHAP. XV.

Building-mania in Oxford, with sundry other matters.	221
---	------------

CHAP. XVI.

A last view of the places round Oxford	230
---	------------

CHAP. XVII.

The commemoration. Lionizing	247
-------------------------------------	------------

CONTENTS.

CHAP. XVIII.

Events of the summer-vacation.	255
--------------------------------	-----

CHAP. XIX.

Consummation of this strange eventful history	268
--	-----

CONFESSIONS
OF
AN OXONIAN.

CHAP. I.

INTRODUCTORY.

Principiis obsta —VIRG.

YOU, who can understand how bitter it is, to be left, after the hurry and heat of dissipation, to that cool and cruel calm, wherein conscience, in proportion to the force with which she has been rejected, re-assumes her sway over the mind, with a more powerful influence, and a more severe rigour than usual, listen; for you, at least, may derive interest from their perusal, listen to the *Confessions* presented to you.

Should their serious tone, at the outset, be

considered inconsistent with the character of youth, unsuitable to the age of him who indites them, though, at first, it may, perhaps, be censured, it will be excused, when the reader shall have been taught, how much they disclose, at which their author must shudder, and for which, while he laments, he must atone.

* * * * *

Friendless as I have made myself, unhappy and repentant, where shall I, lost as I am, in looking back upon the maze of folly and vice behind me, where, in entering upon my unwelcome task, shall I begin? Which of the obscure windings of so deformed a labyrinth shall I first undertake to thread? Is any one of them less intricate and painful to toil through than the rest? Can there be singled out any one, in which recollections do not equally arise to excite the pangs of self-reproach and remorse?

In that common sink of early corruption, (as I now designate it, in the bitterness of my soul) a public school, was my mind, which had, from its infancy, been imbued with the best principles of religion, rectitude, and diligence, first polluted and debased: that tenor of cheerful and innocent occupation, to which it had so earnestly been attached, and which had preserved to it, its happiness and health, was here first broken in upon; and, from being, by little and little, neglected, was, at last, altogether deserted and forgotten. The risings of that honest emulation, with which it once glowed, would, sometimes, kindle in my bosom; but they were soon suppressed by the presence and companionship of those, who took a fiendish pleasure in deriding, and, if they were able, in crushing, whatever had any connection with good sense, good taste, or good feeling.*

* The author must indeed have written this under the influence of peculiar bitterness of

Here then it was that my acquaintance with idleness, and the long train of debaucheries inseparably attendant on her, commenced: here it was, that I acquired all those accomplishments, a proficiency in which, seemed to me, indispensable, in the career I was now entering upon, at the university.

How different a part would it, perhaps, have been my lot to play, upon the new stage on which I was ushered, had it not been for this fatal spell, whose influence I am now regretting, and whose effects have retarded my progress ever since I was first sensible of its control! Had it not been for this, how different might my condition, through life, have been, to that, which the gloomy prospect before me now unfolds! True it is, that a

mind, since he always used, formerly, to express himself delighted with public institutions of education. On this subject the Edinburgh and Quarterly Reviews have able articles —ED.

man's lot, his happiness, his welfare, through existence, is most generally influenced by the early connections of his youth; and who-soever is conscious that those, which him-self has, at that period, formed, were of no beneficial tendency either to the condition of his intellects or morals, will readily join, with me, in exclaiming, in the words of Falstaff,

Company, villainous company!

CHAP. II.

AN ILLUSION OF FANCY, OR SOMETHING
LIKE IT.

Dum assectaretur—Num quid vis?—HOR.

Gaily, merrily, did the time pass along, during the terms of my freshmanhip, unsignalized or distinguished by any occurrences, more remarkable than such as ordinarily take place, in the course of a college-routine : the first, worthy to be ratified, forms the subject of the present chapter : and, though it will be found to contain little, which can be reduced under the title of Confessions, yet there is a reason for giving it the place it holds.

I had walked, with a friend, up the High Street, to the house wherein he lodged. As I was taking leave of him, I observed that a person, who was, at that moment, passing the



J. Radley fecit

HIGH STREET, OXFORD.
London. Pub. by Geo. T. & Co. 25, Abchurch Lane. 2d. Price 2d. 1842.



door, turned round, and, after having very deliberately, stared in my face, pursued his way along the pavement, as if he had satisfied his curiosity. He was a strange-looking, elderly fellow, with a black patch, over his left eye, and dressed, as one sees old nabobs, and quizzes from India, in nankeen trowsers, a white calico waistcoat, brown spencer, and a scratch wig of the same colour ; which latter article of his apparel made me doubt, at first, whether it was not a certain reverend head of a college, from which I was then not very far distant : more especially, as the stranger turned down the very street which led to it. However, I took no more notice of him, and passed on ; when, at the corner of the very next turning, on the north side of St. Mary's Church, this same old looking gentleman pounced full upon me, and, favouring me with another stare, pursued his way as before. This conduct appeared somewhat singular ; but what will my readers think of it, when I

inform them that, twenty yards lower down the street, he again encountered me, with the same earnest scrutiny, at the southern corner of St. Mary's.

I could not conceive what to make of so unaccountable an inquisitiveness; and, feeling much annoyed and provoked, as well I might, in an angry tone, I enquired of him what he wanted? Whether he was acquainted with me? and why it was, that he thus haunted me, as if he had been my evil genius?

The stranger answered, in a mild, and somewhat melancholy tone, which entirely allayed my impatience, that he begged my pardon for what I had justly considered an intrusion; but that he fancied, he was doubtful, he might probably be mistaken, that he recollected my features; and he hoped I should not be offended if he asked whether I had parents living, in this country, or not? I answered that I had, and, on this, he made

me a very low bow, with a thousand apologies for the liberty he had taken, and, turning away, before I could recover from my astonishment, had vanished out of my sight.

I stood, for a few moments, with my eyes fixed upon the way which, it appeared to me, he had taken, and, when I had a little come to myself again, who knows, I said, but that this old fellow is some one who remembers me in my childhood ! I am sorry now, that I did not acknowledge an acquaintance with him. Egad, he might have made my fortune for me ! It is not too late. I'll go and hunt him out. There will be no harm in indulging a joke, at any rate, nor much labour lost if it does not succeed. If he should be made a fool of, it will be his own fault, since he, himself, will have been the cause of it. So saying, I hurried up the street, and, going into the first inn I came to, enquired after the object of my search. No such person had been seen, or heard of, nor in fact, could I, in the whole

•

city, get any intelligence of this extraordinary being, which was the more surprising since he was a person so likely to be taken notice of. At last, I began to doubt the reality of ever having seen him, and, as I had been somewhat late, over my cups, the night before, concluded that, no doubt, the fumes of the wine had conjured up the whole affair into my brain, and put my eyes upon double duty to swear to it; so I resolved to trouble myself no more with thinking about the matter, and, hurrying home to my rooms, like Friar Jack, I soused my head into a basin of cold water, and swallowed a dose of Seidlitz powders, hoping thus to restore myself, at length, to the full possession of my senses.

CHAP. III.

SAVOURING OF SUPERSTITION AND OTHER
MATTERS.

*Raro antecedentem scelestum
Deseruit pede pœna claudo*—HOR.

The vacation had now commenced, and I was ordered, by my medical adviser, to take the benefit, of sea-bathing, for some time, to recover strength, from the effects of an epidemic, which had been lately very prevalent in the place. An excuse was, therefore, without difficulty, supplied me, for not staying at home longer than was necessary to mention my plans of departure, et cetera, and accordingly, I had agreed to meet my friends Hart and Fergus, at the Hotel——, in Paris, by the end of the week.

All, at home, fancying that I was gone to

Brighton, I took the precaution to run down thither, and give directions, at the post-office, that any letters, addressed to me, should be forwarded direct, to Paris, so that my game could be carried on, without fear of detection.

Behold me then, on my passage across the Channel, in company with the usual assemblage of fat and lean, old and young, male and female, spitting, spouting, and groaning, in every direction. This was not the first time that I had been at sea, and the qualms, which seemed to affect my fellow passengers, did not, on this occasion, visit me; therefore I sat, a quiet spectator of this ludicrously miserable spectacle. At last, a pursy old woman, who was next me, in turning round to ask some weighty question or other, was, by a sudden rock of the vessel, so violently disturbed and jumbled; that, besides seizing hold of me, for support, by the throat, with a grasp, tight enough to cause suffocation, she, at the same time, discharged a volley, as



PACKET CABIN.

London Pub.^d 14 Dec^r 1825 by L.J. Stockdale, 24, Opera Lane, 2d



nauseous as it was plentiful, into my bosom. The effect of this nosegay, it may easily be conceived, was irresistible, and my bowels, which had, hitherto, remained tranquil, were now forced into rebellion, and, accordingly, repaid, with interest, over the old lady's stomacher, the compliment with which she had so highly favoured, and flavoured my waistcoat. This affair, I considered, at the time, as a judgment on me, for the fraudulent part I was playing towards my friends at home, and I am sure the supreme powers never sent down Até, in a more odious shape, or with a more horrible efficacy, than in the prowess and person of this abominable old woman. Much easier would I have compounded for five hundred lashes of the serpent thong of the former, than for one atom of the filthy mundungus, which issued from the entrails of so greasy and capacious a beldam.

For some reason or other, delay or mis-

take, or whatever it might be, our baggage was brought over by another packet, which set sail some time after that, in which we had embarked. I was, therefore, obliged to remain, in no very enviable plight, for about two hours after landing, till my portmanteau had arrived to my relief. On this occasion, I was able to render myself of service to a gentleman, who had crossed the water with me, by enquiring for his effects, at the Custom House, at the same time that I was looking for my own; his nerves not having yet recovered from the agitation caused by sickness, and its concomitant pangs.

Chance having thus brought us together, and directed us to the same hotel, we were companions that evening, and throughout the remainder of our journey to the French metropolis. He was a respectable looking gentleman, of a ruddy complexion, and very good-natured countenance, a little time


worn, and his hair somewhat grey, and scant, in front. I judged, from the blue frock coat which he wore, and other articles of his dress, that he was, or had been in the army: and fancied that I had met him in travelling somewhere or other before, though I did not exactly recollect his features.

Discovering, from something which escaped me, that I was an Oxonian, he seemed to take great interest in enquiring into the regulations, studies, and other pursuits, sanctioned by *alma mater*; and, to my credit, I may say, I summoned all my ingenuity to present every thing to him, in as favourable a light as I could, and left him, with the most satisfactory and respectful impressions of every particular, connected with the august institution, of which I had the honour to be a member.

of word, or nod, began to hem and haugh more loudly than before, at finding himself thus opposed at every point, and, from his endeavour to repress the fume, this baiting had thrown him into, was rendered ten times more agitated and short-winded. His distress too, was not a little heightened by seeing that the old lady beside him, and myself, were more inclined to treat the matter jocularly, than to sympathize in the uneasiness he endured. At last, his rage getting the better of his reason, he poured forth a volley of invectives against Alma Mater Cantabrigiæ, herself, declaring he knew of no institution whose members were one half so licentious and profligate, as those under her tutelage.

This, however, he did not express till we had nearly arrived at the close of our journey, when his patience and self-control were entirely exhausted. On this declaration, my military friend gave me a complacent

look of exultation, in token of the superiority of character possessed by the sister-university, according to the account he had been supplied with by me. Meantime, the Cantabrigian, bristling up, like a cat at the sight of a terrier, being now in no less a fume than his oily antagonist, after darting a look of mingled contempt and indignation, No institution, say you, Sir, cried he, as well as his rage would permit him to articulate, no institution, where there is so much irregularity and immorality to be found? I maintain there is no one institution, in the world, in which there is so little! What would you say, if you condemn Cambridge, to the universities on the continent, where, if you can find a dozen men, who are not atheists or deists, you may consider yourself as having performed miracles? I question whether you would be more successful, than was Abraham, in his



enquiry for five righteous men, in the cities of Sodom and Gomorrah!

I did not mean to deny that you professed yourselves christians, rejoined the pedagogue; but the foreign universities, being immoral, on a more extended scale than yours, does not disprove my assertion that you are a shockingly irregular and debauched set, which ought never to be, never to be! and he profoundly shook around him, the powder off his pate, as he spoke; never to be in a seat of education! Ahem!

Where will you, eagerly replied the Cantab, find perfect virtue on earth, and, especially, in youthful societies, at an age, when the passions are most easily excited, and the appetites most keen? And, after all, what great harm is there in a young man getting drunk now and then, or paying his addresses to a country girl, which is the sum total of our offences?

For shame, for shame, young man ! said the affrighted doctor, again shaking the powder from his head on each side of him ; and he was going to say something more, when he was interrupted by his youthful combatant.

God bless you, Sir ! is it to be wondered at, that youthful spirits will boil over a little, when the relentless chyle of saints and pope has been warmed by the same universal flame ? You have heard of Pope Joan, I should hope, and Saint Antony ? aye, and many other pious saints, popes, and friars, could be easily adduced as a precedent, an excuse, and a palliation for all the levities, which are to be imputed to us. You yourself Sir, if the truth were known, have indulged in a frolic before this time, I'll be bound for it ; and may again too, for any thing you or I can tell to the contrary !

Here the doctor shut his eyes, and opened his mouth like an owl, surprised by a sun-beam, while the Cantab burst into a loud

laugh, in which I, with the greatest difficulty, refrained from seconding him; but I thought it was my bounden duty to preserve gravity, that the good opinion, which my friend had formed, of Oxonian virtue, might not be forfeited. His muscles, I observed, did not relax, in the slightest degree, from their habitual composure; nay, his countenance assumed a severity, which was not natural to it.

The old lady, I could see, would have given the world to have laughed as heartily as the Cantab; but, as it was, she effectually repressed, to her very great inconvenience, all risible emotions, and contented herself with uttering a pious ejaculation, the whites of her eyes, the while, being turned up to the roof of the vehicle, followed by a profound sigh, which vibrated through her whole nasal organ.

Now reader, let me pause a moment to

ask you which you consider the more culpable of the two, the Cantabrigian or the Oxonian? The one, for openly speaking his thoughts, however they were little worthy to be expressed, or the other for his hypocrisy?

CHAP. V.

THE CONVERSATION CONTINUED.

The doctrine, thou advertisest,
Is, of aliothers, the unwiseest.—HUDIBRAS.

The Cantab kept up his laugh, for some minutes. After it had subsided, and order had again assumed her reign, the doctor, who had, by this time, shut his mouth, and unclosed his eyes, thinking he should, at last, come off triumphantly, in his contest thus gravely recommenced :—

Young man, ahem ! well am I aware that levities will be incidental to the age of youth, and an occasional error may not be denied eventual pardon, though, at the same time, it should not be suffered to escape without punishment : but no excuse, no pardon, can be extended to error, when it is systematic,

as I look upon it, to be in your institution ; and consequently, in what other terms is such a vast account of vice to be spoken of, than in those of the most severe censure and condemnation ?

His young adversary, resolving not to be outdone, to whatever lengths the wise man might proceed, again, boldly took up the cudgels, crying out, well ! granted Sir, that the errors, we are guilty of, are, as you consider them, systematic, to take the greatest of them, we will say that of fornication ; where pray is the very great sin in such an act ? I maintain that there is no express injunction against it, in any one of the four Evangelists !

Here the doctor, instead of closing his eyes as before, opened them as wide as he could stretch them ; and the old lady wound another blast, or sigh, through the trumpet of her nose ; while my friend looked more astonished and shocked than he had yet shown himself.

Sir, after he had recovered himself, re-joined the pedagogue, I am afraid you are supporting a very desperate and unpromising cause. You appear not to be aware that, though, perhaps, which I am by no means sure of, there is no express injunction against the offence in question, yet there are very many, which are indirect, but, nevertheless, equally forcible; and, I think, that, if you consider the spirit of christian ethics, you will proclaim it a sin; and, if you look into the Epistles, you will perceive that it is in the strongest, and most express terms, prohibited.

The doctor, and indeed all of us, fancied that he had now stopped the mouth of his antagonist, who, on the other hand, seemed to have derived a new impulse, from the consciousness that he was so closely pressed. True, he said, very true! I grant you, that you say rightly, the apostle particularly inveighs against this levity, as I shall designate

it, and by no more severe title; because he well knew, and so does every one, that there is none other, which, when it has gained an ascendancy over the mind, so completely disables it from giving attention to any serious instruction, much less of practising any advantages as it ought; consequently, St. Paul's preaching would have had no effect, whatever, if he had not, in limine, put a check upon this practice; which he did upon this account especially, and not because it is such a very heinous sin*.

Stay, Sir, rejoined the doctor, who had little expected this retort, do not you perceive that there is some thing like contradiction in what you have advanced? You assert that this practice is no sin, and yet you allow that it is the certain cause of sin, by saying, that, under its influence, the mind is unfit for serious attention, or any

* The Cantab was here, unconsciously, perhaps, quoting Paley.—ED.

good exercise. How then, if such be the case, can the practice be otherwise than sinful, belonging to sin, and a sin itself?

The answer to this was—there are many causes of sin, which are not in themselves sin; and, therefore, if you maintain that, because this is a cause of sin, it is also a sin itself, you may also assert the same of many trivial commissions and actions, which have no shadow whatever of sinfulness to be traced in them.

Well, Sir, replied the doctor, if you can reconcile any such practice, as this, to your conscience, as being no sin, why I shall say your conscience does not appear to trouble you very much; but some christians have a comfortable creed, as the poet says!

I beg your pardon, Sir, but it does! retorted the Cantab, angrily. I am as fully aware as you are, that any defection, from the straight path of morality, is improper, yet,

though an impropriety, it cannot be denied that it is surely venial.

What then, observed the pedagogue sarcastically, I suppose you will not be punished or offences of this nature, at the final judgment?

I shall have to answer for them, no doubt, replied the other; but, as to punishment, I cannot help thinking that we shall all have been punished, sufficiently, here on earth, or, at least, the greatest proportion of us, by the miseries and maladies inflicted on us here, for our imprudence; and thus that, having been sufferers in this world, as will have been the case with the greater number of us, we shall not suffer any, certainly not much more punishment, in the next. This appears to me more compatible with the mercy of God.

Then you take it for granted of course, that the wrath of God will have been sufficiently appeased by the sufferings endured

by men, in this life? interrupted the doctor.

Oh! that I cannot possibly answer. I should not think it at all improbable, so great is the mercy of God, so—

Aye, aye, interrupted the doctor again, but that does not prove that the punishment, on earth, was sufficient. All you say, only tends to show that, though insufficient, we are yet, not to be excused the penalty of any further awards of God's vengeance. At this rate, relying as you do, on the mercy of God, in which particular, I heartily, so far, join you, you will get rid of punishment, in the next world altogether.

Well! I should not very much wonder, answered the other, if such were the case; when I consider that his mercy, infinite as it is, in itself, is, moreover, powerfully, influenced by the intercession, made for us, by the great merits of the Redeemer; through which, with sincere repentance, we hope, all of us, to

escape that punishment, to which we had otherwise been, irrevocably, doomed. Consequently, if we should thus all escape, there will be no punishment in the next world.

Here a silence, of a few moments, ensued. We all appeared to concur in acknowledging the ingenuity of this last argument of the young speaker; when he resumed the discourse thus :

At any rate, I would almost dare to affirm, Sir, that, if we are to be punished, and whether we do eventually suffer or not, in the life to come, the punishment, proposed to us, will not be eternal.

How so ! said the doctor, starting up. What makes you think that ? Are you not, in very plain words, told that it shall be so, in scripture ?

No ; by no means, rejoined his adversary. The meaning of the Greek text is very much doubted ; and, what is generally translated as eternal, signifies merely for a time, a term

of years, or ages; the word I allude to, is αἰώνιος and, in this sense, the best scholars have been inclined to take it; whereas, the Greek term, which implies eternity, would be εἰς αἰῶν.

Well, Sir, we are unable to dispute that point, at present, so fully as we might, from not being able to refer to authorities, proper to assist us, said the learned pedagogue; but I think, added he, peeping through the window, most sagaciously, I could bring—ahem! I could bring—to set aside many other instances, one, where, indubitably, the word in question bears the meaning of eternal, which is, if I am not mistaken, in St. Luke, where it is strengthened by the addition of unto the end αἰώνιος εἰς τὸ τέλος.

Why that very addition of unto the end, makes most strongly against your argument, exclaimed the Cantab; for, if eternity implies time, where there is no end, when an end is directly expressed to a course of years, that

course cannot be eternity. In fact, I am sure the word will, no where, if considered, take the meaning of eternal: besides, let us examine the justice of the case. Suppose, I chuse to give a man, with extravagant liberality, a thousand pounds, where, in due right, I need only give him ten, it does not, e converso, follow, that if he owed me ten, I should be justified in taking from him a hundred, or a thousand; and so, if it should seem that, though God in his great bounty and benevolence, bestows on us an unlimited gift of bliss, for our good conduct, he would not, on the other hand, for a corresponding measure of crime, inflict on us so outrageous a balance of punishment as that of everlasting torment. Is it compatible with his mercy? Can you think yourself, that it is?

To this, the doctor, hemming most classically, three times, replied, whether the punishment be eternal or not, as it is impossible

for us to tell, it is not worth our while, any longer, disputing. The duration of it will, at all events, be extremely long, and through many ages. I, however, am not induced to relinquish my opinion that it will be eternal, which I consider the true import and meaning of the original text, and, on this signification, I shall implicitly ground my belief.

Here the doctor was inclined to put an end to the discussion; but the Cantab, who had all along, been arguing merely for the pur-

pose of annoying the poor pedagogue, was maliciously determined not to let the matter rest; he was continuing the argument, therefore, as if he were bent on keeping it up to all eternity, indeed; but the diligence having now brought us to the end of our journey, this interesting discussion was broken off in medio, as in Hudibras,

The adventure of the Bear and Fiddle.

I had no sooner alighted, than I commenced

looking for my friends, according to our appointment, which I had but little occasion to do, as they, at that moment, made their appearance in quest of me. After our mutual salutations, on meeting, had taken place, we all adjourned to the hotel, which we had chosen, as our head-quarters, and the repast, we had sat down to, having been now dispatched, we went off together, to a masquerade.

CHAP. VI.

REFLECTIONS ON MASQUERADES.

Comus all allows,
Champagne, dice, music, or your neighbour's
spouse—ENG. BARDS & SCOTCH REVIEWERS.

In a land of intrigue, there is no one amusement, no one occasion of public assemblage so favourable to affairs of that nature, as a masquerade. The lively and mercurial disposition can indulge, without restraint, its natural propensity to frolic; while that, which is, on the other hand, modest and backward, in the feeling that confidence has been assumed, with the garb of disguise, is emboldened to play a part, the bare mention of which, would, in other circumstances, have called forth a blush. The hypocritical and

demure, in the eyes of the world, hasten to obey the summons with an avidity, which, the constraint they generally live under, renders doubly acute, to give a loose to the real and unrepressed tendency of their appetites. It is an invention of the devil himself; a school, for the exercise of his votaries, in the above-mentioned, prominent particular of his practice; to gain proselytes in the grand object of marring social peace and respectability; to create stories for scandal, and causes for duelling; in a word, for conferring the degrees of whore and cuckold, in every direction.

There is no other scene of public recreation, which, so powerfully as this, supplies temptation, encouragement, and example, to kindle the passions, and undermine the virtue of the youthful breast. In vain will the charms, which an opera-house-stage can display, bear comparison with the influence this scene possesses: though youth, and

beauty, and liveliness, there, present to us, their fascinations, in every varied attitude of grace and elegance, as the thin, yet envious drapery, scarcely veils the symmetry of sylph-like forms from the spectator's sight, as they move among roseate festoons, and to the softest and most expressive measures. From all this enchantment, we are far divided, we are distant admirers of it ; but, in a masquerade, we are brought close to the objects, which direct the challenge of admiration to our hearts, and kindle, in us, the emotions of desire.

I had scarcely entered the room, when a dark, lustre-beaming eye, which glittered from beneath a disguise of eastern drapery, pierced me to the very vitals ; and, it was not long before I addressed the person, whose charms had so instantaneously and powerfully attracted me.

I once read, in a novel, the following rant, on the subject of the French language, and,

as there is some truth in it, I here transcribe it, for the benefit of my readers.

Oh ! thou sweetest of languages ! the very voice of love itself, in which we can breathe forth our feelings so much more naturally and passionately than in, almost, any other, whose phrases adapt themselves to the sentiments of the heart, and convey every sigh's entire import, without the pain of explanation or hesitation ; how did I feel inspired, when I heard thy tones issuing from my lips, murmuring the dictates of my passion into the ear of one, in whose presence, I considered myself the happiest of mortals !

Like the lover who speaks thus in the novel, I myself used, at one time, perhaps, to feel, in looking back upon this, my introduction, to French masquerade.

CHAP. VII,

CONSEQUENCES OF THE MASQUERADE.

Nocet empta dolore voluptas.—HOR.

Beware, my lord, of jealousy.—OTHELLO.

At a late hour, in the evening, the revels ended, and I solicited the favour of escorting my fair acquaintance home, with which offer, to my great disappointment, she assured me that she dared not comply. However, as I was handing her into her carriage, she whispered to me to follow close behind, and watch where she stopped, that, after the carriage had driven away, I might be able to enter the house, without the knowledge of any one, except a faithful old domestic, who, she added, should be in the way, to give me admittance.

My delight, at so welcome an invitation,

did not run away with me, to such an extent, as to suffer my prudence to desert me. So, after having handed the lady, into the carriage, I made my bow, and retreated into the passage, from which I had conducted her; but my patience would not allow me to wait, in this retreat, very long, and, after the vehicle had rolled on, for about fifty yards, I issued forth, upon its track, muffled up in a cloak, drawn over my head and shoulders. At last, after following it through various turnings and windings, beyond the Pont —, I saw it stop before a large mansion, with a spacious court in front, the whole inclosed by a lofty stone wall. The back part, I concluded, was bounded by the river, down to the banks of which, extending from the house, I could perceive, by the waving of the trees, on both sides, that there was either a garden or a park.

I hastened up, towards the gate, along the opposite side of the way, and hid myself, in a

portico of one of the houses in the street, till the carriage had deposited its lovely freight, and driven away. I observed that the gate was opened by an old woman, who, in about five minutes after the carriage had past beyond the threshold of the gate, came out, with a small lantern, which she held up through the gloom, and peeped about, as if looking for somebody. I did not stay long, in my concealment; but, issuing forth, bounded across the street, and was, in a moment, by her side. So unawares did I come upon her, that she started back, alarmed at my sudden appearance; but soon recovered herself, on my telling her I believed I was the person, she was looking for. On this, she put her finger to her lips, and, with a significant nod, told me that I must take care and make no noise, but follow her.

I silently pursued her footsteps, wondering, in my own mind, that, at a large house like the one, before which I was, there should not



J. Findley, Feuch.

THE ASSIGNATION.

London. Robt. Nov. 17th 1825. by J. J. Stoddard. No. 24. Opera Comedie.



have been men-servants and porters, to attend upon a person; who, I could not be wrong in concluding, was its mistress, and who appeared to be living in a handsome and opulent style.

On the other hand, I congratulated myself with the idea that she was left here, toute seule, on the present occasion, probably by the departure of her husband, or for some such reason or other, in which, I afterwards discovered, I was not altogether mistaken.

My guide stole softly across the court, along an avenue of lime trees; which effectually screened us from observation, in case any prying domestic might be on the watch; and led me to a small tower, at the further end of the left wing of the mansion. The door, on which she gently tapped, was opened by a little black boy, wearing a red cloak, which hung down the whole length of his back, to the ground, a turban on his head, and a thick, silver chain, round his neck. The wicket

was closed, by a spring, as softly as it had been opened, and we ascended, by a narrow, winding staircase, which led to a long gallery, stretching quite to the back of the house. All on a sudden, while I was yet expecting to proceed, at about ten yards from the termination of the gallery, a secret door, in the wall to the left hand side, flew open, on a spring being touched, by my guide, unperceived by me.

I now beheld myself in a small octagon chamber, and judged, rightly, that it was a room, in one of the towers, with which, the back, as well as the front of the house, was flanked, at either corner of each wing. This little apartment was beautifully fitted up: round its whole circuit, except at two spaces, opposite each other, were small ottomans, richly covered with damask; and, in two of the recesses in the wall, their breadth was so much widened, as to afford complete couches. The whole space was overhung by a canopy of crimson

velvet, which drooped down, from the centre of the ceiling, and gave the apartment the appearance of a tent.

My guide left me here, telling me to observe the strictest quiet, and to be cautious not to look out of the window, adding, that I should not be long left by myself. She then stole out, by the secret door at which she had let me in, while I promised, by an inclination of the head, that her injunctions should be obeyed.

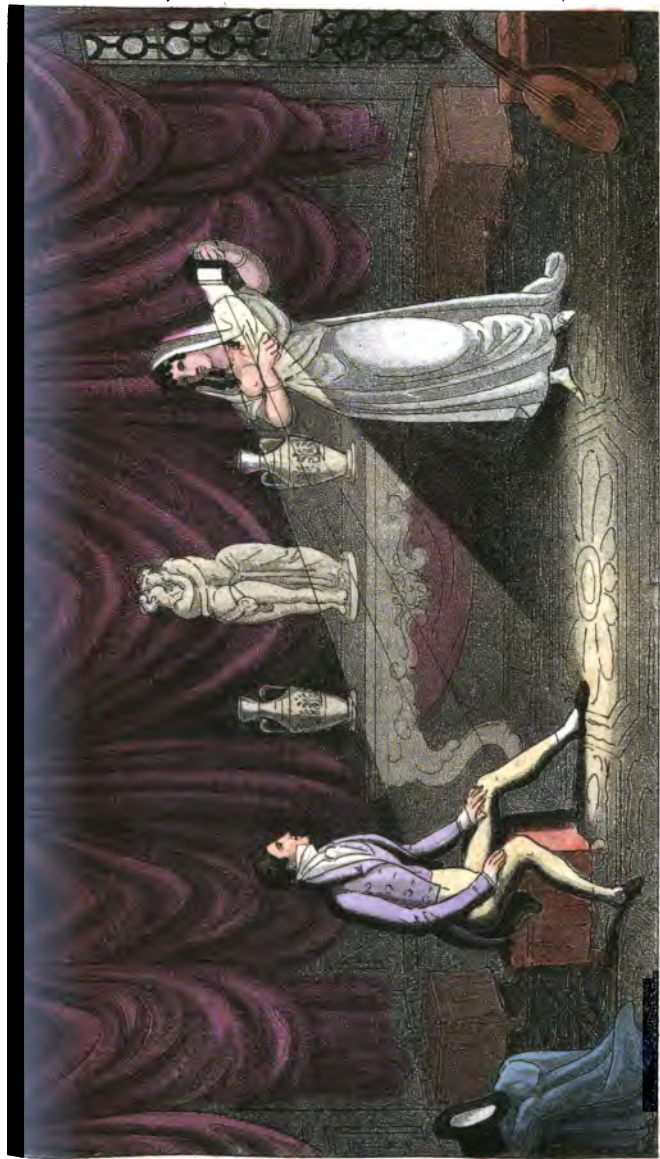
I sat still, for some time, with my eyes fixed on the moon-beams, which glistened on a gilt, wire-latticed door, fixed within the window, which was closed, as far as I could perceive, by a clasp, from the shrubs and flowers, which peeped half way up its height. I conceived that the room could not be much above seven or eight feet from the ground.

How long did those few moments of expectation appear! At length, to my great relief, a form, which was no other than that

of her, whom I had followed home, entered softly, by the secret entrance, at one of the vacant spaces in the wainscot. She bore, in her hand, a small, dark lantern, of crystal, cased in silver, and was arrayed in a thin, muslin robe, which reached from her head to her feet. Her long dark hair hung negligently over her neck and bosom, and her small and delicate feet were confined by silken slippers, flowered over with gold.

Having closed the covering of the lantern, so that no light should escape, she laid it gently on one side, and took her seat, on the couch, in the recess. I, without delay, placed myself by her side. My surprise was somewhat excited at not finding in her, that vivacity, which she had evinced at the masquerade. For a few moments, she remained silent, as if to listen; her elbow, supported on her knee, and her head reclining on her hand.

In spite of my vexations, I could not help



J. Findley, F. cast.

ADELLE AND THE OXONIAN.

London: Published by J. T. Agnew & Sons, 109, Strand, W.C.



admiring the elegance of her figure, in that attitude, which a poet would have considered more interesting, from the pale, sallow light of the moon, in which it was disclosed.*

My dear love, I said, taking her right hand, which hung, disengaged, by her side, why is it that you sit so silent? or what can you apprehend? Surely you seem afraid of something!

Hush! whispered she, interrupting me, do not speak loud, for the world, I beg of you! We must be as silent as the night, which surrounds us; for I cannot tell, however great my precautions, into what dangers my rashness, in meeting you, may perhaps precipitate me. Though my husband is away, his spies may still be near.

Banish all alarm, lovely lady, I replied. Now that you have blessed me, by bringing

* The author appears to have had in view the scene in Lord Byron's *Siege of Corinth*—ED.

me here, into your presence, do not mar my delight by your fears. Who can ever detect us, in a spot, so admirably calculated for secret interviews as this is? Besides, supposing any one should possibly intrude on us, I can very easily escape through yonder window, and you have a retreat by the secret way, of your entrance. Away with all vain apprehensions, we have nothing, believe me, which we can dread.

Here I raised her hand, to my lips, and imprinted a kiss on it: I could feel it trembling, within my own, all the while I had been speaking. The fear, which had taken possession of her mind, had, by this time, subsided, and our affection for each other was stimulated to manifest itself more strongly, in proportion to the increase of confidence which my lovely companion had, by degrees, acquired.

On a sudden, it was, in some degree, startled at, what appeared to be the noise of

footsteps, rustling amongst the bushes, as if some one had been listening, beneath the window. I soon, however, pacified myself, though, not so easily the partner of my interview, by attributing the sound to some trivial cause, perhaps, merely to fancy, or, to the wind ; for female love, however bold it may be, when it fancies itself secure from interruption, loses all its confidence, at the idea even of being so much as suspected.

It was now time that I should know, who my innamorata was ; a question, which she spared me the trouble of asking, by beginning, of her own accord, to inform me of her condition, rank and name. From her account, I learned that she was the daughter of the Count de——, at whose death, she had been left under the care of an uncle, as her guardian, and, by him, had been forced to marry a rich, but old, or elderly bourgeois. To him, she represented herself as entertaining an aversion as violent as it was just, not more

from the hideousness of his appearance, than from the detestable jealousy of his disposition, by which she was subjected to the most cruel restraint imaginable ; so much so, that, until the preceding day, she had enjoyed no liberty whatever, nor would she then perhaps have obtained a respite, had it not chanced that her tyrant had been called away, by some very pressing occasion. On his departure, he had taken with him, nearly all his household, being fearful, as she conjectured, lest the servants might be bribed to answer the purposes of intrigue ; and had left her in the custody of an old woman, who, he conceived, was rigidly devoted to his interests, and would control her, with all the vigilance and rigour, even he could desire. Far otherwise, however, I was delighted to hear, that old Fanchette, who was no other than the person by whose means I enjoyed the present interview, instead of seconding his views, in imposing durance, on one so lovely, and so deserving of

ity, gave, her fair prisoner, all the liberty in her power, and obtained her temporal enlargement, whensoever she was able : and, to the same services, my dear Adelle, for such was her name, gave me a hope that we might again, perhaps, often be indebted for the happiness of seeing, and communicating with each other.

In reply to all this, I was proceeding to commiserate her cruel situation, and lavish my execrations on the old, jealous wretch, her husband, when, all at once, I felt the hangings of the canopy shake, over my shoulder, and the moment following, saw the blade of a rapier, which, glancing across my shoulder, narrowly missed piercing the bosom of Adelle. She had great difficulty to suppress an involuntary scream, and, with a presence of mind, which has always astonished me when I thought of it, snatching up her little lantern, slid hastily away through the secret aperture, waving her hand towards

the window, to beg me, instantly, to make good my flight, by the only avenue presented.

Here another thrust was aimed with greater effect, and I received a wound, although but a slight one, in the left arm. At the same time, the canopy unfolding, I was violently grasped by the hand of a man, who sprang from behind its hangings. My youthful strength and activity, now availed me, and, grappling my adversary with one hand, I seized him, by the throat, having succeeded in taking off his hold; and, with the other, endeavoured to wrest from him, his weapon.

Being thus suddenly and unavoidably drawn into an encounter, my escape, at this moment, was impracticable; yet, hoping to effect it at last, as the chance of detection became more apparent, my efforts were exerted more strongly, to endeavour to subdue the person who was resolved to discover my identity, even at the expense of my life. Finding himself, therefore, sorely

opposed, he no longer continued the silence, in which he had hitherto carried on the attack; but, raising his voice to as high a pitch as it would allow him, lustily called out half a dozen names, with vociferations of murder! help! villains! and such other cries as are the usual dictates of terror or distress. Before he could obtain an accession of strength to his aid, I summoned my whole force to disable him, and as soon as possible, effect my flight. Notwithstanding I was somewhat weak from loss of blood, I flung my adversary down, and, with the rapier, of which I had disarmed him, inflicted two or three wounds, in quick succession, on his side and shoulder. His cries having now given place to groans, I was not a little alarmed, concluding that I had put the finishing stroke to his destinies, on earth. At all events, there was no time to be lost, at so critical a juncture, more especially, as I heard the voices of persons, fast approaching a door, which opened into the octagon, and which

being hidden, behind the canopy, had escaped my observation. I also heard voices in the garden, the only way which offered me the most distant prospect of escape; but, being desperate, I scrambled out of the window, with the loss of my cloak, and one or two articles from my pocket.

As soon as I had leaped to the grotund, I sculked among the bushes, to the first opening, which presented itself, and hastened onward to the further part of the garden, whither so ever it might lead. I had not proceeded above thirty paces, before I perceived that those who had been lying in wait for me, were closely pursuing my steps, with torches and flambeaux, in every direction. I kept as much under the trees and bushes as was possible, running all the while with my head stooping down, and as fast as the entanglements of the branches would allow me.

The garden was, as I had conjectured, bounded by the river, and, as I had no alterna-

five, nor any other chance of eluding my pursuers than the one expedient of throwing myself into the water, without hesitation, out of breath, and bleeding as I was, in I plunged, and swam along the bank, which, being high, and shelving over the stream, effectually screened me from the sight of those in pursuit.

After swimming on, till I had passed the extent of the garden, I scrambled out of the water, at the first landing place, and there rested for a while, in order to ascertain if I could hear any thing more of those, from whom I had fled. I was able to distinguish their different voices, hailing each other, through the shades, and the interrogatories which passed between them, concerning the object of their search. I also saw the reflection of their torches upon the water; which very quickly became fainter and fainter, as those who bore them, finding that all pursuit was in vain, were receding from their search.

I had reason to be thankful that I had escaped so well, and, kissing my hand towards the spot which contained Adelle, I made the best of my way homewards, groping through alleys and streets, till I gained the door of my hotel. I was not without great apprehensions of falling into the clutches of the gens d'armes, who nightly march about the streets in patrol; but, luckily for me, they were, at that moment, in a different quarter of the district.

Such were my adventures during the few hours I had been in Paris; adventures, as I then considered them, of no small importance. Heartily did I thank Heaven, when I found myself safe in bed; as well indeed I might, since I had run a very good chance of being, consigned to a bed, from which no shaking would have awakened me. Yet, though my fatigue was far from inconsiderable, I was unable, for a long time, to close my eyelids, on account of my anxiety to know whether or not the person who attacked me,

was killed; and also, how the bustle, occasioned by this affair, in the mansion, had terminated. That my antagonist was the husband of Adelle, I had not the slightest doubt, nor could I help thinking that, if there had been no fear of a discovery, it would have been no very deplorable circumstance if he had been relieved from all his worldly cares.

CHAP. VIII.

CONSEQUENCES OF THE MASQUERADE
CONTINUED.

Eho! quis pultat fores?—TER.

The next morning, I was awakened by a steady, pertinacious tapping at the door, and was somewhat surprised at the appearance of an elderly female, with a basket in her hand, I, at first, took her for the laundress; but, on looking again, recognized her to be no other than dame Fanchette!

I beckoned her, with my hand, requesting she would come to my bed-side, and expressed my delight at thus, unexpectedly, seeing her, and obtaining intelligence as to the termination of the last night's fray.

Ah! Sir, said she, the old fox! He was too cunning for us. The excuse he made of

being called from home, was all a trick, suggested by his own inventive, suspicious jealousy, the better to pry into his lady's actions. The poor creature ! Is she not justified in liking any body, rather than such an old wretch as that, and one who treats her so cruelly ? But, Heaven be thanked, he has got what he deserves.

I hope, interrupting her, I hope, that he has not been killed outright ; for the consequences might be attended with danger, in case I were discovered.

You have no cause to be alarmed, answered the matron. No ; he was not actually killed ; but very near it, and a happy release would it have been to my dear charge, if he had been killed, except, as you say, it might have turned out awkwardly, for yourself.

Well ! but Fanchette, let us hear, rejoined I, all that happened, after my escape, of which you shall have the particulars, when you have gratified my curiosity first.

Here a violent knocking was discharged upon the door, and my name vociferated loudly. Old Fanchette thought proper to scuffle into a closet, by the bed; which she had just accomplished, when my friends Hart and Fergus ushered themselves into my apartment, with exclamations against my laziness; and, in the same breath, enquiring as to the manner in which my evening had ended.

To this I answered rather pettishly, for I was amazingly annoyed at their interruption, that there was much more to tell them than could possibly be related, at the present moment; and then, with expressions of great surprise at the lateness of the hour, and a full concurrence in their condemnation of my laziness, I begged that they would go down, and order breakfast, with an assurance that I would join them, as speedily as possible, and give an ample account of my whole adventures.

Thus, their further intrusion being out short, and themselves fairly out of the room, I took the precaution of locking the door, and, having jumped into bed again, bid Fanchette emerge from the closet, whither her alarm had driven her, and commence her narrative, which she did, as follows :

Upon hearing loud and reiterated cries of murder ! help ! and such other sounds of distress issue from the octagon, I hastened thither, and let myself in, by a door, communicating with the house, on the opposite side to the secret entrance, by which you were admitted.

At first, it suggested itself to me, that the cries proceeded from yourself ; but I was glad to find, though very much to my astonishment, that it was my master who uttered them. His whole artifice now struck me, and, while I affected to pity him, in tendering my assistance, he was execrated, in my

heart, for the meanness and perfidy, with which he had acted.

A man's cloak lying on the floor, by the window, and one or two trifling things, which I return you, (here, she opened her basket, and deposited the contents at the foot of the bed) made me conclude that you had effected your escape, by that quarter.

But how, interrupted I, did you know where to find me this morning.

That you shall learn, in good time, replied she, and proceeded with her narrative.

I had but just time to roll up the cloak, and the other articles, and conceal them behind the canopy, before the servant's burst in, with lanterns, pikes, swords, and other weapons. They all gathered round old Rigaud, for that is his name, who was extended, groaning on the ottoman, the blood streaming from his side and arm. The wounds, from which the flow proceeded, I was endeavouring to bind

up, as well as I could, till better assistance could be procured, while they loaded me with questions as to where he was wounded, were the wounds dangerous &c? Each demanded of his fellow, whereabouts lived a surgeon, and another bethought him how they should get their master to bed. All joined in uttering execrations on the head of the villain, who had committed the outrage, regretting, with various oaths, that they had been frustrated in preventing his escape.

By this time, I had staunched the wounds to a considerable degree, and old Rigaud being recovered so far as to raise himself up on the ottoman, we were able to learn from him, that he did not consider himself dangerously wounded, and that it was his wish to be lifted into bed, as soon as possible, and a surgeon sent to him.

With some difficulty, we accomplished the task of lifting him to the nearest room which had a bed in it, and I, as best knowing where

your pursuers, imprinted on the borders, and parterres, in every direction.

I thanked Heaven that your escape had been effected, of which my mind was sufficiently convinced, by every thing I had heard or seen; and its attention was now turned towards my mistress, who, I knew, must be in a state of the deepest anxiety, on your account, and in alarm also, lest her interview with you, should have been more fully detected, in the event of your apprehension. So, taking up your cloak and other things, amongst which, I found a card having your address, which accounts for my present appearance, I passed through the secret door, and went along the gallery, which directly leads to my mistress's chamber.

On entering, I found her sitting up, in bed, evidently, in great agitation; her hair, which she had omitted to curl, hanging, dishevelled, over her neck and bosom.

Has he escaped, Fanchette ? cried she, the moment I had entered. Do speak, I beg of you !

Don't be alarmed, my dear lady, I answered, all is well, he has escaped.

Ah ! then thank Heaven ! she exclaimed.

He has escaped, I continued, through the garden, by the river, as well as I can understand ; but not, I should think, without a terrible struggle, and the double risk of being sacrificed to the weapons of his pursuers, and of being drowned in the stream.

Alas ! she cried, who can tell, although he succeeded in escaping the attacks intended against him, in his flight, through the garden ; yet, from failure of strength, owing to the loss of blood, in case he was wounded, or fatigue, from his exertions, he might yet have met his death in the water. Do, dear Fanchette, bring me, if you can, some intelligence of him. Nothing was ever difficult to your sagacity and promptness. Do, discover his

place of residence, or, by whatever means you are able, let me learn what has become of him.

I pacified her by promising that she should know all, as soon as it was possible for me to set out, that morning.

Here, said I, is his address, holding up the card, which, with other things, fell from him in escaping through the window, after his encounter with your warlike husband.

Last of all, Sir, did she think of him ; but, when her mind was in some measure relieved of its anxiety, on your account, and a hope awakened of shortly hearing of you ; with the same feelings, as I experienced myself, of contempt and indignation for the jealous and crafty scheme he had adopted, she desired to know how matters had fared with him ; for, said she, it could be no other than he, who would endeavour to come upon a rival in so base a manner.

She expressed no satisfaction at his having

suffered so inconsiderably, and then, after lamenting, again and again, the cruel prospect with which she was threatened, of being subjected, for, the better part of her life, to the moroseness and suspicion of so hateful a person, she began again expressing her fears for yourself, and begging me to lose no time in searching you out, and reporting your condition to her.

The morning had now far advanced, and it was time that I should go and see how old Rigaud went on after the interval of his slumbers, so I left my mistress, telling her, I would return as soon as I possibly could.

What was my surprise, Sir, on entering the room, at seeing half a dozen servants, standing near the door, to whom their master was, in a passionate, and peremptory tone, giving orders, that his travelling carriage should be immediately put in readiness, for the purpose of carrying off his lady, forthwith, to a seat, which he possesses, in the south of

France, and, at the distance of three hundred miles from Paris; adding, that he should himself follow her within a few hours.

I begged of him not to be so precipitate; representing, that it would be seriously injurious to his lady's health, if her nerves should be violently agitated and hurried, by being forced upon so long and tedious a journey, without having been allowed time to make the necessary preparations for it.

As old Rigaud was always willing to listen to me, the sentence of departure was put off till I should have reported the fit time for its execution: but, go she shall, exclaimed he, and that too this very day!

After the servants had left the room, I approached close to his bed-side, and, in a subdued whisper of commiseration and condolence, asked how he felt himself, and how he had passed the night, ending with a pious ejaculation, of thanks to Heaven for his delivery, interrupted by some very appro-

private sighs, and accompanied by some few tears, which I managed to pump up, and was employed in wiping away, during the time that he was giving an answer to my enquiries.

Having told me that he had passed the night well, and had experienced little inconvenience from his wounds, he desired I would see that the surgeon might attend him to dress the wounds afresh, and give directions for any particular precautions, which should be requisite, in making the journey.

I was not sorry to be furnished, by himself, with an excuse for leaving him ; accordingly, promising that he should be waited on immediately, I left the room, and, as soon as the door had closed behind me, mended my pace to send a messenger to fetch the surgeon ; and then hastened, as fast as my legs would carry me, to bear the peremptory sentence of her decampment, to your poor Adelle.

You may conceive how painful a blow it was to her, when she received the information,

of which I was the bearer. With tears and lamentations, she exclaimed again and again, against the tyranny and oppression which she endured from her husband. Her thoughts then recurring to you, at least, she said, he shall have some small token by which to remember me, if he yet survives to receive it. Here Fanchette, hasten to him, with this lock of my hair, and this little miniature of me, with an assurance that my most tender recollections shall ever be with him.

Loveliest, dearest Adelle! I exclaimed, seizing the case and the lock of hair, before I forget thee, may a thousand thousand deaths, worse than those which I have escaped, overtake me!

This rapture, I can assure my readers, was, by no means, feigned; nor could I forbear shedding some tears of tenderness, for one who, I was sure, entertained a reciprocal fondness for me.

Here Fanchette, I said, after having a little

composed myself, take her, in return, this ring, as a token of my unakerable attachment, which token, although it is but a slight one, is offered with, not the less sincerity and regard. Bear with it, too, my most earnest assurances how deep is my regret at the thought that I may, perhaps, never see her again. Yet stay, tell me, that I may endeavour, at least, to obtain a glimpse of her, as she passes, tell me, which way her route lies ? that I may, once more, behold a countenance, which no time shall ever efface from my recollection.

Be careful, replied Fanchette, how you expose yourself to observation, if you should meet the carriage. The road, leading to——, is that, to which you must repair; but, on no account, appear to know who is inside the carriage, by making any sign as it passes you.

And what will be the time of your departure ?

About the hour of three ; that is the time

I have fixed on, for, as we must go to-day, it is as well not to be later. There will be two carriages; my mistress and myself will occupy the first. In the second, old Rigaud will follow; but, very likely, not for two or three hours after us. Again, take care, and be cautious.

I must now leave you, and will tell all, you have charged me with, to my mistress, whom I shall deliver from much anxiety, at the report of your welfare; yet, I had forgot, though I know generally that you have escaped the dangers that beset you, of the particulars, which you promised to relate, I am still ignorant.

True, Fanchette, my promise was forgotten, in the thoughts of my dear Adelle. I, accordingly, related to her my story; on the conclusion of which, bidding me farewell, she hastily withdrew.

As the door closed upon her, I felt that it shut from me all hope of again enjoying the

society of the object of my love, which, by Fanchette's agency, I had, the previous evening, procured.

As this occurred to me, I flung a cloak, hastily, round me, and, springing to the door, called her back, ere she had descended the stairs, and, on her re-entering the room, I pressed her to accept some small recompense for her kind and valuable offices; so, squeezing her hand affectionately, I bid her, for the last time, adieu, repeating again and again, my passion for Adelle, and my grief at the cruel decree for her departure.

Fanchette hurried away, and I commenced, sorrowfully and slowly, my toilette. As soon as I was able, I joined my friends at breakfast, which I found they had nearly finished, and both were loud in upbraiding me for my outrageous delay.

Making such excuses as suggested themselves to me, I sat myself down to break-

fast, and, very shortly, appeased their displeasure at my delay, by relating to them the eventful occurrences of the preceding night.

CHAP. IX.

CONSEQUENCES OF THE MASQUERADE
CONCLUDED.

Invalidasque tibi tendens heu! non tua, palmas.

VING. Georg.

The time was filled up in visiting various objects of curiosity, till the hour arrived, when I was to be in waiting to see Adelle, for the last time. Hastening to my hotel, I procured a horse, and, when I had reached the outskirts of the city, I galloped along the road, about a mile and a half. I then, again, slackened my pace, and, turning my horse's head, moved slowly back, in expectation that it would not be long before I should meet the carriage, on its way.

The sound of wheels now approached nearer and nearer. My heart began to throb

violently; but this soon subsided, on my perceiving that the vehicle, which came up, was nothing more than the public diligence. Again it began to throb; but with as little reason as before; another vehicle and another still succeeded. None, however, were charged with her, whose face I was waiting to look upon.

I began to despair of meeting the carriage at all, and thought that it must have gone before I set out; but no, said I, it was barely three when I left the hotel, and it is now scarcely a quarter of an hour past. Fanchetta surely has not deceived me!

Again a sound of wheels arrested my attention; but, having been disappointed so repeatedly, my tremours, on the present occasion, were considerably less than before. There appeared, however, now, to be, indeed, some cause for excitement. My heart did not, long, throb, in vain. The clouds of dust were raised by a carriage, drawn at full speed,

by four horses. In a few moments, it was close to me. I managed to come as near the window as possible : it passed ; the face, I looked for, was there. Adelle kissed one hand, to me, while the other, she held up, to show me, I supposed, that she had put on the ring I sent her. I did not return her salute, for fear it should attract notice ; but, suffered my eyes to speak all that my heart felt, and more, much more than my tongue could have uttered.

The carriage was whirled past me, in a moment : it had passed beyond me, now some distance, and with it, had borne from me, my heart. All the fervour of expectation had been chilled. Long did I sit, silent and thoughtful, in my saddle, watching the track of the wheels, which, as they advanced farther and farther, were now scarcely distinguishable from the volumes of dust. Even those clouds, too, were fast vanishing, and, being now, entirely, dispersed, nothing

was presented to me, but the dull vacant line of the horizon. I was, for a long time, unable to move my eyes from the track, which the carriage had pursued; nor was it without difficulty, that I, at last, prevailed on myself to turn my horse's head towards the town,

CHAP. X.

SYMPTOMS OF DESPERATION.

Occidit, occidit
Spes omnis !—HOR.

Where, in the world, can be found a spot, which affords so many excuses for idleness and expense, as Paris ?

The Palais Royal, of course, above all other places of resort, presented, as it does to every one else, the great attraction, to myself, and my companions.

Here it was, that we chiefly lounged away our moments, first as spectators, and, afterwards, as actors, in the scenes before us.

The temptation which the gaming table held out, was too powerful to be resisted, and each successive day beheld us seeking,

with unsated avidity, the allurements of the dice, or rouge et noir.

Fortune, after having smiled upon me, propitiously enough, through several trials, at last, with her usual caprice,

———*nunc mihi, nunc alio benigna,*

frowned upon me, with her very severest aspect. She did not, however, as yet, altogether discomfit me; for, as I had frequently, when reduced to a low ebb, in the chances of the gaming table, repaired my losses, I saw no reason why I might not hope for a similar favour, in the present instance.

Another chance! said I, as I boldly returned to the trial, another trial and my lost good-luck may again smile upon me!

No! it would not do! The fickle goddess would not countenance me; and, after repeated attempts, with no improvement of

success, I was, at length, driven, from hope, into desperation.

My sudden reverse, plunged me into an agony of mind, little short of madness. My last louis had been hazarded and lost, and I was left, without a sol, or in plain English, I was utterly, and irretrievably ruined.

To conceal the violence of my emotions, I hurried from the fatal place, to my room at the hotel, and bethought me, as well as my agitation would allow me, of any expedient, which might, possibly, avail me, in my present condition.

I was ashamed of the idea of borrowing from my friends. I could, besides, easily anticipate the answer which would be given me, in that quarter. Whatever they had, they would, of course, necessarily require for their own exigences and expenses; and such other excuses as are, always, at hand, whether true or untrue, whether with or without foundation. Had I, however, thought even that they possessed, both the will and

the power to afford me assistance, my pride would never have suffered me to resolve on soliciting it of them.

All the relief, therefore, if relief it is to be called, which my mind, in its present agitated state, could find, was in abandoning itself to the workings of passion, dictated by its distress. It may be well for those, who are conscious of no uneasiness, to ruffle the tranquil tenor of their thoughts, of no circumstances which can awaken tumults of bitterness in the soul, to recommend the exercise of philosophy, under trials, however severe. They will find it a difficult task indeed, to practise all that firmness of mind, which they exhort others to display.

This frenzy could not last for ever, and subsided, at length, from the entire exhaustion of bodily strength, which it had occasioned. I again and again sat down to meditate whether there might not be some expedient or other, from which relief might be derived.

Every possible mode of alleviating my distressed circumstances, was anxiously revolved in my mind, from the most honourable, to the very meanest; to the alternative even of parting with my clothes; which measure, independently of the degradation attendant upon it, promised so paltry and inadequate an advantage, that it was not worth the while to attempt its execution. It was absurd for me to think of setting my wits to work and writing; for how was I to accomplish an undertaking of this nature, in a language foreign to me; and, in which, it was as much as I could expect of myself, to be able to converse; but, like drowning men who catch at straws, the desperate are willing to snatch at alternatives, the bare idea of which, they would, in their more deliberate moments, reject, as absurd.

Yet what was to be done? How was I to return home? Should I write to my friends, confessing my condition, my follies, and my

extravagancies ; and demanding forgiveness, while I supplicated aid ? The thought of such an avowal equally wounded my pride, and distressed the better feelings, of which my heart was sensible ; for no folly could extinguish either the one or the other. No ! I exclaimed, I had rather die than be detected in having played so hypocritical a part, with respect to my friends.

What remedy was there then left for my distresses ? or what prospect of escaping from them, offered itself ?

There was one, on which many have resolved, and, to which, the mind is ever dangerously prone. This may be too easily guessed, to require that it should be explained.

But would not this, I said, recollecting myself, be the means of causing a disclosure to the eyes of the world, as well as to my friends, of that very deceitfulness, of which I so much leath the idea ?

Yes! whispered my evil genius; but you will not be present before the eyes, either of the world, or of your friends; to be conscious of any shame!

By a train of reflections, all impregnated with this desperate feeling, I, at length, resolved upon the only expedient to which I could resort, as competent to extricate me, from the difficulties and dangers, with which I was encompassed. Extricate me, did I say? Fool that I was, how could I have imagined so senseless an idea? I might indeed have placed myself beyond the reach of my worldly difficulties, by separating the soul, from its mortal barriers, yet did I forget the more dreadful difficulties, which might await the soul after the separation; did I imagine that death was the

Be all, and the end all

CHAP. XL

REFLECTIONS, WITH THEIR RESULT, AND
MATTERS THEREUPON ATTENDANT.*Certa mori.—VIRG.*

How blessed a thing it is, for all who value the safety of their existence, and its insurance from the attacks, which their own outrages might raise against it, under the galling influence of those numerous trials, miseries, and dangers, which are hourly besieging man, in this state of probation, called life; how blessed a thing is it for them, I repeat, to have been early imbued with a true sense of religion, the importance of its principles, the validity and consolation of its promises, and, not least, the dreadful penalties it denounces as the award of guilt, and wilful disobedience,

If any mortal is ever driven to such a state of mind as to loathe his existence, and, feeling, at once, his wish and his ability to rid himself of it, proceed to the accomplishment of that object, he will not contemplate the act he is about to commit, without being startled by the intrusion of that terrible thought, whether he is or is not fit to die, whether his soul is so little blackened, by sin, as not to feel reason to shrink at being, at once, ushered into the presence of its judge, with the chance of being eternally consigned to the punishment, which this terrible sentence may award, for its guilt?

In his own instance, he can have but little doubt of the doom which shall await him; for, however regular, however pious a life he may have led, however upright his mind, and unsullied by hypocrisy, levity or crime, yet, by this one fatal, unattonable act, he cancels all his former claim to merit, to mercy, and to salvation!

Some, perhaps, many, will hardly agree in

this statement, will consider it too rigid a doctrine, in which to acquiesce. A tany rate, though we cannot, certainly, tell that the act of suicide will surely cancel all claim to merit, yet the chance is very great that it will, when we consider that it cuts us off, at once, repentance being out of the question, itself being repulsive to the very idea of repentance. And, who is there so good, who has not need of repentance? Who is not, after he has done all, an unprofitable servant?

How much then was there, in my case, to be repented of? How little of virtue to be cancelled? In my case, the deed to be performed, was an aggravation of a long series of guilt; it would heap fresh coals of fire on my head.

From these reflections, my wavering mind turned, again, to the deplorable condition, to which I had reduced myself, without a gleam of any possible hope of remedying it. To borrow, to beg, were alike impossible. There

was an end to vacillation : I walked, from my hotel, calmly and resolutely fixed upon that, which, my anguish and despair suggested.

* * * * *

And here, to indulge in a moment's digression, I know not how it may be with my readers, nor whether they will readily enter into my feelings ; but there is, to me, a sort of pleasing melancholy, in watching the various countenances and appearances of the passing crowd of persons, who hurry across one's view, in the streets of a large, and populous city, each of them bent on his peculiar object, engrossed with his individual employment, and all actively hastening on to its promotion or completion. Whilst indulging in gazing on them, a curiosity is excited in me, to know upon what the minds of those, I see, are so earnestly bent ; and what feelings would be created, in my own bosom, if it were possible

for me to read their thoughts, whether of anger, or contempt, of sympathy, or compassion, or horror, at the several motives, by which, each might, variously, be actuated.

Some might be bent upon frivolous, some on cruel, some on benevolent, some on mournful or dangerous pursuits, some, on such as, I have been relating that I had, myself determined on !

The review of a scene, busy and various, as the crowd of a populous city, can scarcely fail to excite, in us all, reflections, which will correspond with those I have just adverted to. It will, scarcely, fail to convey a lesson of morality, which may be beneficial to ourselves, by the examples, gained from conclusions, as to the conduct of others. Nor must I omit that the melancholy, occasioned by these reflections, is not a little heightened by the remembrance that these persons, of whom I have been speaking, pass by one, along the street, not less quickly than they do

through the path of life. Each, with his anxieties, his hopes, his fears, vanishes to be forgotten!



CHAP. XII.

THE CATASTROPHE.

Interpellandi locus.—HOR.

To return to my narrative, I walked, slowly, onward, towards the Pont——, and, when at no very great distance from it, turned, to the left, down an obscure little street, from which branched an alley, leading directly to the river. Through this alley, I bent my steps, and, when arrived at the end of it, turned the corner to the right, along a sort of causeway, which ran at the back of some houses, solitary, and sequestered, and, as such, well adapted to be the scene, for the performance of that part, which I was about to play.

All was silent and vacant, about the river ;





T. Bunting, Esq.

THE OXLEY AND SPENCER

not a boat was near the place, where I stood. The causeway was still as desolate, as when I came upon it. I looked on either side of me. I listened; but there was no sound of any coming footsteps. I was left to myself, and to God!

Bending over the margin of the river, I was just going to take the fatal plunge, when I felt myself violently restrained, by a strong and firm hand.

Hold! hold! cried a voice, which I recollected having before heard, what madness has urged you to this rash and desperate act? What is the unhappiness, or what, the fatal conflict of passions, which has driven you thus to forget, at the same time, the guilt and the folly of the crime, you are daring to commit?

Leave me, whoever you may be, leave me to my fate. Neither the act, on which I am resolved, nor the reasons which induced it, can, concern you, was my answer, as I turned round to look upon the individual, whose

we should struggle for the victory. That river's bed shall be the grave of both of us, or of neither! No! I will not loose my hold, till you consent to quit this fatal bank!

I was somewhat awed and repressed, by the earnestness of his manner; but, on recollecting myself, my indignation was aroused, not without a mixture of shame, at being thus thwarted and overruled, like a child, by an old fellow, of whom I knew nothing, except that he had annoyed me, by pertinaciously haunting my footsteps. I determined to shake him off; and, if fate would so have it, to sacrifice him as well as myself, to the waters; and, in good truth, I should have done so, had not our privacy been broken in upon, by persons entering the causeway, which circumstance, put an end to our contest, and caused my combatant to remove his hand from my person. Finding myself at liberty, I resolved to escape from this old plague, by hurrying on, as quickly as

I was able, in the hope that, by turning, suddenly, at the corners of the alleys, and narrow streets, through which I had to pass, I should elude his vigilance ; especially, as the gloom of the evening would render it impossible for him to discern my movements, at any distance.

My youthful activity prevailed so far as to enable me to outstrip my pursuer, and had now brought me off, to my hotel, as I thought, safely out of his reach. I had not, however, been in my apartment more than ten minutes, before the door was opened, and the figure of my evil genius, for such I then considered him, stood confessed, before my astonished eyes.

Good God ! Sir, I cried out, what, on earth, can you want with me ? or why do you thus continue perpetually haunting, and tormenting me, with your presence, as if you were my evil genius, malignantly determined

on adding to the miseries, which I, already, am doomed to endure ?

That is the very subject with which I am desirous of being further acquainted, rejoined the old gentleman, catching up the word which had last escaped me. Young man, I am no evil genius. I am only a poor, old human creature, who wish you well: one who has few friends in the world, and is under obligation to no man. The regard, therefore, which I have felt towards you, the concern I have experienced for your welfare, ever since I first beheld you, must be unfeigned, since it is occasioned by the influence of those secret dictates which are beyond my own control, and are as unaccountable, as they are irresistible. However, I know well the secret of your sorrows, I saw the fatal cast, which ruined you, and was in expectation of some desperate result, from the distress, in which, it was too plainly

to be seen, your ill success had sunk you. I followed you, from the region of mischief, to your hotel; and, as you are aware, am perfectly acquainted with all which has taken place, since you last left it. For Heaven's sake ! he added, let me conjure you to permit me to be of some assistance to you, and confer a kindness on me, by suffering me to be the instrument of relieving your present wants ; a kindness which, to me, will be far greater, than that, which my assistance can ever be considered by you.

After fixing my eyes upon his face, in mute astonishment, for a few moments, Sir, I answered, as it appears that you know, so well, my circumstances, and their history, it would be needless for me, were I inclined to do so, to mention any thing upon that score. Suffice it to say, that I am in a state of distress, from which I am unable to relieve myself. There is an earnestness, and friendship, in your manner, of which I cannot but acknow-

ledge myself sensible, and a warmth, which does not appear to be affected: a warmth, which, my impatience and desperation of mind, lately, led me to misconstrue; but, how it can arise, as you would induce me to suppose, from an idea, on your part, that we are connected to one another, by blood, I am unable to conceive; nor am I desirous, uselessly, to trouble myself with conjectures, which can rest on no probabilities. If time shall unravel any mystery, which is at present concealed, be it so.

As to my parentage and kindred, I am sufficiently satisfied, and can, confidently, answer that there is no one relation, as far as my knowledge of my family extends, whom I have not very lately seen, and discoursed with. For your offer of assistance, I, again, thank you, and, considering the impossibility of deriving it from any other quarter, unless it be by writing to avow my circumstances to my friends, a disclosure, which would cause

me great pain and uneasiness, I will not, I repeat, on account of the earnestness with which you solicit my acceptance of this kindness, refuse it, although I assure you, it is not without considerable reluctance, that I do so ; for, my maxim has, always, been, in spite of the various follies and levities, which, in other respects, I may possess, that which old Polonius advises,

Neither a borrower, nor a lender be.

Yet, stay. I must inform you, beforehand, that I know not when I can repay the debt, which I shall incur ; and, therefore, think again, how far it would be advisable to run the chance of being a loser.

Never mention that, interrupted he, with eagerness. The idea of having saved a fellow-creature from destruction, or from distress, without any other consideration, is quite sufficient to compensate me for any diminution of the contents of my purse, nor, can I

consider that which is sacrificed, in doing a laudable act, as a loss.

With these words, which awakened, in me, the warmest sense of gratitude, for his kindness, and benevolence of heart, he drew, from a side-pocket, within his spencer, a long silken purse, which he threw upon the table, and, before I could unseal my lips, before I could recover myself sufficiently to thank him, or even to enquire what might be the name and address of my benefactor, he had vanished from the room; and, what was more surprising, on running down stairs, in order to stop him, and express my acknowledgments of his generosity, I could discern him nowhere, nor gain any trace of him. All the people of the hotel, who were standing about the doors and entrances to it, declared that they had seen no such person, as the gentleman, for whom, I enquired.

CHAP. XIII

FRENCH THEATRICALS.—DEPARTURE FROM
PARIS DETERMINED ON.

Fuge litus iniquum.—VIRG.

When I had, a little, come to myself, I began, calmly, to think over the strange scene, in which I had been an actor. Who could, possibly, be the person, who had just disappeared from me, so instantaneously? What could induce him to take such an interest in me, on a former occasion, and on the present? I was inclined to think that all which had passed, must have been a dream, or that my brain had been wandering, from the violence of the emotions with which it

had been agitated ; but then, the recollection of the doom on which I had been bent, the spot where its execution was so nearly being consummated ! all were, too strongly, imprinted on my mind, to be merely ideal or imaginary scenes. There too, on the table, still remained the far from unsubstantial purse, which the unknown had thrown down.

Well, said I, with a shrug, it appears, I was born for singular adventures, and, since it has pleased Providence that I should be set on my legs again, in the world, I am determined to make the best of my good fortune, shake off my morbid sensibility, and the recollection of my distress, and be as light-hearted as before ! But, thanks be to the same Providence, I had sense enough not to launch forth again into that tide of folly and profligacy, which had nearly been of such fatal consequences to me ; so, I wisely, resolved on hastening from the hot bed of

temptation and iniquity, in which I was, at as early a period as I could, the very next morning.

At present, however, the evening before me, was to be passed, in some way or another, nor did it require any great degree of consideration to decide me to visit the Théâtre François, where I might derive a lesson, at once interesting and instructive.

It is scarcely possible, I should think, for any one of my countrymen, who has had his attention called to French theatricals, not to be, at once, struck with the superior chastity, and purity of taste, which characterizes the French stage, as contrasted with that of the English.

How much more consistent is it with good sense, as well as with good taste, that the mind of an audience should be presented with a single subject of interest, rather than with a succession of tragedy and farce, of subjects serious and ridiculous. How glaring is the

inconsistency of exciting terror and pity, at one instant, and provoking laughter and grimace in the next: of filling the soul, in the early part of an evening's entertainment, with the deep designs of ambition, jealousy, or revenge, and then opening an insult to it; at the close, by the introduction of a mouthing merry Andrew! of melting it to commiserate distress, oppression, or a despairing lover, and, shortly afterwards, profaning these fine, feelings by the grossièreté of pantomimic absurdities!

What is the effect, produced upon the mind, by a display of these incongruities? Has any real impression been made on it, by the tragic representations it has contemplated? or has the merriment, which was awakened by the comic appeals of pantomime or farce, been suffered to flow, undisturbed? Has not the effect of both the tragic and the comic exhibition been neutralized, that of the one by the other? It is idle, and unreasonable

to suppose, that the mind can properly digest, more than one at a time, of subjects, so exactly opposite to each other, in their nature and tendency. It must rather sicken at the thought of so heterogenous a mixture. If inclined to contemplate the beauties of such or such a delineation of passion, may not the idea of some coarse joke, start up unbidden, and intrude itself on the recollection, to contaminate and destroy the pure sentiment, in which it would otherwise have gladly indulged ?

With the French, the management of matters in the theatrical department, permits no such cause of complaint. With a diligence worthy of admiration, we observe that a separate stage is prepared, for each distinct species of dramatic representation : to one we may repair, for the gratification of our misanthropical propensities, and, to another, for the indulgence of the gravest feelings, and more dignified passions of the mind. Each spectator is dismissed, with a single impression, the enjoy-

ment of which, is not interrupted by the intrusion of any other, of an opposite character: one to laugh over the amusement he has quitted, his mirth restrained by the intrusive sigh; another to ruminate upon the lesson, in which, human hopes and fears, crimes and virtues, have been reflected before him, without being sullied by a concomitant display of the idiot-figure of folly, with her cap and bells.

Such is the particular, which, in the first place, in reviewing the regulations of the drama in France, elicits our praise; nor will it be less strongly excited, by reflecting, that, in the representations of the French stage, the character of tragedy is uniformly preserved, throughout the piece: indeed, it is not a moment, lost sight of. This we are unable to admit as being the case, in our own tragic performances. For instance, let us direct our attention to the monstrosities of Shakespear, as Voltaire calls them, to pieces, which, par-

take the nature of tragedy, namely, the historical plays, in which scenes, completely farcical, are introduced; blemishes, which sully productions, perhaps, the most nobly natural, the most beautiful and sublime, to which, the imagination of man has ever given birth.

On the other hand, it may be said, that the French stage is governed, so entirely, by rules of art, that, we can scarcely ever forget, in witnessing a tragic representation, that we are in a playhouse: we can never acknowledge ourselves totally deceived into the idea that, what we witness, is, at the time, something more than a mere scenic representation, which delusion we have so often experienced, when dwelling, in breathless silence, upon the solemn tones, which emanated from the mouth of Siddons, and, to which a peculiar character, was imparted, by her unparalleled dignity of demeanour, and excellence of delivery.

Kemble reduced acting, in his school, too

much to an art, and, however highly we are indebted to his taste, for the reform of our stage-costume, we, at the same time, are unable to forget many imperfections, which he possessed; and, if it be true that, *ars est, celare artem*, we cannot but confess that, in himself, he, almost wholly, banished nature, from the English stage.

Where, however, praise may, with justice, be bestowed, let us not withhold it from the art of Kemble; for, to this, was he indebted for that superior elevation, and dignity of manner, by which he conveyed so powerful an idea of the Roman majesty of deportment, of a character, indeed, too lofty to correspond with our present notions of that air and manner, which is altogether agreeable to nature, though perfectly natural, or, at least, usual, with the citizens of ancient Rome.

But Talma—How great is he, in displaying nature, in all her variety, in every form, of her finest and most powerful emotions; and

singularly great, in so triumphantly vindicating her cause, on a stage, the dominion of which, is almost wholly subjected to the influence of art!

CHAP. XIV.

REFORM A LA MODE: THAT IS, THE
WHIM OF A DAY OR TWO.

Nunc retrorsum
Vela dare, atque iterare cursus
Cogor relictos.—HOR.

According to my resolutions of the previous evening, on meeting my friends at breakfast, I settled what little account we had between us, and, mentioning that an affair of some importance, just communicated to me, by a letter, demanded my immediate departure, informed them of my intention to quit Paris that morning; and an hour had not elapsed, before I was safely stowed in the diligence, which was just setting off for Calais.

Seated in the cabriolet, I had now time to

think over all, which had befallen me. The variety of novel occurrences, which I had experienced, crowded, as they were, into so short a space of time, quite confused and bewildered me. By turns, I reverted to the charms of my dear Adelle, to the fidelity and secrecy of old Fanchette; to the misery of mind, which I had endured, through my own folly, and the death I had, unmeritedly, escaped. The latter reflection roused up a train of horrors, in my imagination, scarcely less terrible than those, with which, poor Clarence's dream frightened him. As to the unaccountable personage, to whom I was indebted for my preservation, I can assure my readers, the recollection of him did not occupy the least considerable portion of my ponderings. He appeared to me now, as my good, and guardian-genius, rather than in the capacity of a tormentor or evil spirit; and the sense of gratitude, which his benevolence had imprinted on my mind, far predominated

over the feelings of love, pride, fear, shame, and rage, which were alternately excited in my breast.

Such was the train of thought, in which I indulged, until my arrival at home. The difficulty of directing my letters, that my friends should not perceive that I was on the other side of the water, had rendered me unable to let them hear from me at all, which, in course, was a sufficient cause for bringing against me, very serious charges of neglect; but, with the address, which never failed me, on these occasions, I made abundantly satisfactory excuses, the chief of which was, the intensity of my application to study, during my stay at the sea-side, and the unremitting perseverance of my endeavours to become a proficient in the numerous branches of lore, with which, my attention was engaged.

I here proceeded to detail, with great earnestness and volubility, a lengthy catalogue of authors in theology, philosophy, history,

poetry and logic. This could not but give the whole family-circle, a high opinion of my industry, so that my neglect of correspondence was very speedily forgotten, in the warmth, with which, my spirit of emulation and perseverance, were, on all sides, applauded.

The time, at length, arrived, when it was indispensable for me to return to Oxford, and, as I felt, really, anxious, to atone for my past levities, I resolved that the term before me, should be spent to some advantage. This good resolution, I religiously adhered to, by adopting, to the no small surprise of most of those who knew me, a steady line of conduct, testified by reserved exterior and manners, and, in good earnest, I strove, to the utmost, to make up, in some slight measure, for the great proportion of the time, which I had hitherto wasted, during my academical career, by improving, at least, one period of it.

My college-friends, as I have just remarked, were not a little astonished at this reformation.

One observed how much of my time was dedicated to the privacy of my own rooms, and another expressed his surprise to hear of my regular attendance at the lecture-room. In fact, for some weeks, I did apply, with considerable diligence, and, as the habit of steadiness and perseverance grew more confirmed, my emulation daily increased. I felt satisfaction in having acquired a new tone of mind, and congratulated myself, upon being able to hope that I might not be, entirely, lost, in the academical world, nor be, altogether, looked down upon, as one of the lowest in the dregs of its literary rabble. I even went so far as to build castles in the air, to deem it not impossible that my efforts might meet with an honourable award.

Here I shall break off, referring my reader to the apostle's admonition—Let him that thinketh he standeth, take heed lest he fall,

CHAP. XV.

A VERY SINGULAR WHIM INDEED, AND
PERFECTLY CLASSICAL.

I'll give thee a comfortable assurance of my taste for study, Master Doctor.—OLD COMEDY.

The effect of my studies, was displayed, after a time, in a highly classical, though somewhat whimsical, and eccentric manner. I had now been, for two or three weeks past, to various parties, among my friends, without having, as yet, made any return of their civilities ; so I was determined to absolve myself of the debt, I owed, to the rules of etiquette, by treating them with a gala, such as they had never yet partaken of, no less an entertainment, than a supper à l'Athénienne.

Cards of invitation were, accordingly, issued, with a circular, representing the

nature of the festivities, which the guests were to expect, and a request that every one, who was bidden, would appear, for the sake of consistency, in the fashion and habit of Attic costume: every one, in fact, was to transmogrify himself into an antique.

Nothing wins the heart of man so much, as giving him plenty of good cheer. This is the true argumentum ad hominem; for it is an argumentum ad ventrem, which never fails of having its full effect, if it be generally true that the belly is the god of us earthly, sensual mortals. I, wisely, judged that I could not give my fellow-collegians a better idea of the advantages, which I had derived from study, than by permitting my labours to manifest themselves, in the novel manner, which it was my intention to adopt.

In gratifying and amusing my friends, I afforded equal, or even more gratification, to myself; so delighted had I been with the elegance and luxury of Athens, to which my

reading had introduced me; so haunted was my imagination with Athenian scenes, with Athenian wit, with Athenian ingenuity, and with Athenian gaiety. Walking, riding, sleeping or waking, Athens, Athens, nothing but Athens possessed my thoughts: it was my dream by night, and by day too.

A spacious room was accordingly hired, in all respects, admirably adapted for the purpose. At one end of this room was a sort of lobby, raised on steps, which, with a canopy, hung over it, would supply an excellent place for an orchestra. There then, it was resolved, the fête should take place.

After some little bustle of putting up, and pulling down, placing and replacing, things began to assume something of a classical appearance, and were indebted, I flattered myself, to my arrangements, for somewhat of an Attic air. The couches were all à la Grécque, with volutes at one end, and were covered with drapery, of the chastest, antique

pattern. In different corners of the room, were alabaster vases, on pedestals, from which were exhaled odours and essences of all descriptions. The lamps, which were supplied with perfumed oil, were suspended from among festoons of roses, which drooped from the cieling, and presented a scene, quite Anacreontic. The niches were adorned with statues of Minerva, Bacchus, Apollo, and Mercury. These had been procured from some Italian boys, who gained a livelihood in the town, by selling plaister of Paris casts. The whole time, during which we were partaking of these Athenian revelries, we were regaled with songs, from the orchestra: some descriptive of the greatness of Athens in war, by sea and land, and recounting her glories, at Marathon and Salamis; and others dwelt upon the beauties and elegancies of the city, and extolled the praises of Pericles, for encouraging the arts, and fostering the genius of his countrymen: nor were her artists for-

gotten. Phidias, Lysippus, Mycön, Scopas, Praxiteles, all received their respective tributes of praise.

The games of Greece, in which Athens made so prominent a figure, with her magnificence; on that festive occasion, formed the subject of an animated Pindaric ode, which I had procured from my barber*, at the exorbitant rate of five shillings and sixpence. Interspersed amongst these loftier pieces of music and poetry, were numerous lively madrigals, and staves, in praise of mirth, merriment, and the joys of conviviality; all which, more or less, breathed that happy strain of philosophy, which bids us expel care, melancholy, and megrims, and apply ourselves to the bowl, as the best consolation for the troubles and anxieties of life. Here

* Readers must not be shocked at the use of this word, in preference to the title hair dresser, since it is entirely Oxonian, and characteristic, in the present work.--ED

we found Anacreon-Moore of considerable use to us, and various pieces, from his translation of the jocund old bard of Teos, contributed to increase the pleasures, which our musicians afforded us.

That nothing might be omitted, in order to render the scene, completely Attic, my friends and myself did not sit down, or rather lie down to our repast, without having secured, as partners of our couches, at the classic board, all the pretties and most complying damsels of the place. We, altogether, mustered a tolerable force, by a due and diligent search amongst the milliners and dress-makers, confectioners' daughters, and tradesmen's newly married wives, to whom we could get access. These served as substitutes for the fair daughters of Ionia; and, though they had not exactly all the elegance and wit, for which those be-

Splendenti accumbere mensæ. JUV. — En.

witching denizens of Asia, were so remarkable; they were, at all events, very pretty, and behaved themselves, in every respect, in as classical a manner as could have been desired.

The recollection of the names, which we each of us gave to our pretty partners, forced from me a smile. Instead of addressing them by the vulgar designations of Mary, Jane, or Betty, they were most classically greeted, by the appellations of Aspasia, Callanta, Chloe, Galatea.

Perhaps the reader would be curious to know, of what delicacies an Athenian repast would consist, and may waver in uncertain conjecture, upon the weighty question, whether the viands were of the nature of those which the doctor, in Peregrine Pickle, set before his guests, in giving them a specimen of ancient festivities, or, more agreeable to the ideas of epicurism, of modern times; but be this as it may, he shall be presented with

a bill of fare, extracted and compiled from the best authorities, concerning cookery, which antiquity affords, nor shall he have it in the shape of a disquisition on the dishes to be enumerated; but, in a simple catalogue of each culinary subject, in the form of an inn-keeper's bill of fare, as well as to the mode, adopted by Rabelais himself, in detailing matters consistent with this kind of description.

CHAP. XVI.

AN ATHENIAN BILL OF FARE.

Will you deign to partake of our cheer?

SONG OF ALONZO AND IMOGENE.

Slices of cuttle-fish, nicely broiled, over
melted cream-cheese, piping hot.

Pickled anchovies.

Cray fish, and pennyroyal.

Muscles and periwinkles, fried in butter.

Red herrings, swimming in Chian wine.

Copaic eel, stewed with beet-root.

Shell-fish, and saffron-sauce.

Sea-pike, baked, and stuffed with benzoin.

Tunny fish, stewed in pig's lard.

Mullet, and Aspasia sauce.

Mackarel, garnished with fresh olives,

Rump-steaks, and Sphettian vinegar.

The flank of a hare, broiled, and deviled.

Gammon of bacon, fried, with alkanet and dill.

Wheat-ears, roasted, with sauce of Thasos.

Grass-hopper sauce, and thrushes.

Salamagundi of

Wigeons,

Pigeons,

Ducks,

Divers,

Dabchicks,

Coots,

Cuckoos,

Moor-hens,

Goosanders,

Snipes

Woodcocks,

Wild chevril,

Red cabbage,

Cardamums,

Served in a platter, three feet square.

Nasturtiums,	}	Served in a platter three feet square.
Turnips,		
Garlic,		
Scraped cheese		
Radishes,		
Roasted barley,		
Honey, and Oil of olives.		

A whole ox, baked, in a thin paste, à la
Perse.

Cocks-combs, and pig's liver, with fig-
elly.

Roasted lamb, and sweet sauce of nuts.

Sausages, served on cheese.

Barley-broth, flavoured with beef-gravy,
and Pramnian wine.

Peacock, boiled, picqué de girofles.

Hash of venison, with honey, and expres-
sion of figs.

Onion-soup, with bean-dumplings.

Mince of partridges, à l'Ionienne.

Heron, served on buttered dough, sprinkled
with chipped savoury.

made use of, was thrown under the table, and its place supplied by another. The number of these dough-napkins, which each guest used, and threw away, must have amounted to twenty or thirty; which were, after the repast was over, carefully picked up, by the slaves in waiting, and served them, as a supper.

All these dainty viands, sweetmeats, and productions of confectionery, enumerated, were washed down with wines of the different islands in the Archipelago, and Ionian sea, as that of Ithaca, and Zacynthos. In the Archipelago, the wine of Rhodes, Cheios and, Lesbos was in high esteem, not to forget the Pramnian, and, above all, the wine of Thasos, bordering on Thrace.

The guests, each of them, brought an entertainment with himself, for no one came without his lyre, and there was none who did not, in turn, accompany its sounds with his voice. The music was chiefly Lydian, or

Ionian, with airs, equally effeminate and soft, of Siphnus and Chios. Love, Venus, with the Graces, the nymphs, and Cupids, in her train, were the themes which inspired them. Each person, who sang, acted the part of a lover, and addressed his strains, to the female, at his side, who gratified his solicitations, by retiring with him, when the revelry of the evening was closed, either to the dwelling of one or other of the happy parties, or to one of those public receptacles of intrigue, which the moderns have adopted, on so extensive, and commodious a scale—not in hackney coaches, and by gas lights, but, on foot, and, by the light of a torch, carried by a common link-boy, or a slave.

CHAP. XVII.

CONCLUSION OF THE REPAST.

Latratu* in genti personant aule—PHŒDRUS

What with eating, and drinking, with Anacreontic songs, from the orchestra, and Bacchanalian stanzas at the table, laughing, bousing, and carousing, the evening was now very far advanced, and many of my guests began to testify the effects of Lesbian and Chian wine, under which names our Claret and Champagne were drunk, upon their spirits, by sundry salutations of their fair partner's

* The author refers to the bull dogs, hereafter mentioned, in the use of the term *latratu*.—ED.

cheeks, and a more energetic, and a warmer tone of addressing them, than that, which had been adopted, at an earlier stage of the festivities. The poor musicians could scarcely get a sound of their instruments heard, to so high a pitch was the key of vocal merriment raised, at the table below them ; so, finding that they were wasting their breath, and tiring their fingers, to little purpose, they deputed the leader of the band to request me to dispense with their further services, a request, with which, I, willingly, complied. The musical troop instantly absconded, not without imminent danger of having their heads, and their instruments broken, by sundry bottles, and fruit-dishes, which were flung at them, as they made their exit, by some of the party, whose potations had left them the least in control of their own conduct.

The hubbub and uproar had, now, become louder and louder. Many of the lights had been extinguished, in various parts of the

table, in which quarter, most particularly, had the occupants of the couches relinquished their seats, by having rolled down upon the floor, together with the fair creatures who had sate beside them. Nor was it very long before the whole party was in much the same condition. In five minutes more, darkness had enveloped ourselves, and our nymphs, some on couches, some on the floor, laughing, puffing, panting, and howling, in every tone, comprehended in the scale of sounds, from a bellow, to a grunt.

In the midst of this scene of confusion, the proctors, who, it appears, had obtained an intimation of this classical entertainment, previous to its having taken place, and expecting, no doubt, that its termination would be, not altogether of the most tranquil, and quiet nature, entered, with lamps, under the direction of their lieutenant-general, the marshal, and accompanied by certain myrmidons, denominated bull-dogs, a train of ugly rascals,



ATTIC ENTERTAINMENT.

London, Feb.^y 14th 1825. By G. T. Stockdale Esq. per colonnade

J. Pindley facit



with which the aforesaid proctors are accustomed, towards nightfall, to run down their game, in the academical preserves of Oxford: videlicet, Christ Church meadow-walks, the parks, and other haunts and purlieus; at different quarters, and in different parades of the city.

So unwelcome a visit, caused, as may be supposed, no small dismay, in those few, who could understand who the intruders were. Of this number, I was one, and, though annoyed and alarmed too, as I was, I could not help laughing to see the scrambling and scuffling, which the explanation of the visit with which we were honoured, occasioned, in my prostrate party. Most of all, however, the poor herd of Chloes and Callantas was to be pitied. Some of them were, on their knees, hiding their blushes, with their hands; some just getting up, and shaking the disordered folds of their attire, and the dishevelled ringlets of their hair; others running behind

the window curtains, and all joining in one universal shriek of consternation, at this fatal, and unseasonable visit.

Poor damsels! what did your shrieks, and lamentations avail ye? Who was able to rescue ye from the custody of the unrelenting marshal, and his no less unrelenting satellites, the bull-dogs? Or, who could avert the doom, to which ye were consigned, of being marched off, through the chill night-air, to cool your taste for Athenian elegance and Athenian gallantry, in the dark, damp lodgment, the melancholy garance, of the city bastille, the castle?

Such was the fate of these lovely maidens, from Aspasia, the prettiest milliner in the town, to Galatea, the buxom spouse of a leather-breeches maker, whose honey-moon had commenced now, scarcely, three days. We, their hapless lovers, and disabled protectors, were all, in due form, questioned, both as to our names, and those of our respective

colleges, and were commanded to make our appearance, in body, assembled, before his worship, the proctor, the next morning ; with which notice, and a severe reprimand, each was dismissed, to his college, or lodging, for the night.

And this is what my studies have led to ! exclaimed I, the next morning, on visiting the scene of the preceding night's debauchery. A scene it might well be termed ; a chaos of broken china, shivered lamps, tables overturned, and shattered bottles and glasses, without end, not to mention the headless trunks of Minerva, Bacchus, Mercury, and Apollo. I sat, like Marius, in the midst of the ruins of Carthage, engrossed in many doleful reflections, with a face as rueful, and in a condition as forlorn, and, sagely, contemplated on the absurdity of reading to so little purpose, and resolved that, as it was not likely the result of my studies would ever be more

beneficial, than it had been, in the present instance, to give myself no further trouble, about lore, than was necessary to enable me to gain my degree : but the worst part of these reflections was, the calculation of the damages, and the probable estimate how much I should be out of pocket thereby? I considered that I should be highly fortunate if they did not exceed a hundred pounds. When, however, that sum was to be paid, I could form no probable conjecture whatever; and thus, for the hundred thousandth time, did I incur the punishment of self-reproach, for my own extravagance, thoughtlessness, and folly.

The best thing I could, at present, do, as I had often done before, in cases of a similar nature, where there was little prospect of matters being mended, was to shut out conscience ; so, leaving my self-reproach, with the wrecks of broken plates and furniture, I turned on my heel, to proceed to the proctor's

rooms, whither the clock, striking two, summoned me, as I was descending the staircase.

I met my guests, of the previous evening, at the door of this august, academical magistrate, not looking a quarter so classical, or Athenian as they did, when I had last seen them; but confoundedly sober, and all, more or less, in expectation of being requested to retire, for a short time, from the seat of literature, in which they were, with a view to learn better manners, or atone for those, which were bad, in the country. In a word, every one's mind was made up for receiving sentence of rustication.

I, as having given the party, was spokesman, in the presence of the proctor; and, as it was fitting I should, took, on myself, all the blame, of the noise and disturbance, which had so much disgusted the peaceful inhabitants of the town, and had so greatly shocked the nerves of his worship, with the velvet

sleeves ; apologizing, at the same time, for the state in which he had found us.

As far as I, myself, was concerned, I hoped I said, that I should be entitled to some excuse, since my motive for giving the party was so laudable, being no less than that of a wish to inspire a love, in my fellow collegians, for the elegancies of antiquity, and impart a knowledge of customs, which, by actual practice, would be better learnt, than by the mere, theoretical enjoyments, which were afforded the mind, from the perusal of Potter's Antiquities, and other introductions to the usages of ancient Athens.

Here I closed my defence, and awaited the answer of his worship, who, after hemming thrice, very magisterially, in order to suppress a disposition to laugh, for he was a good-natured fellow, and was not a little amused, by the logic, he had just heard, from me, expressed, as gravely as he could, his very deep regret

that so unparalleled a disturbance should have taken place in Oxford, at any time, and most especially, during the period in which he was placed, in the procuratorial office; that he was willing to act with as much lenity as possible, and, considering that it was the first time he had had occasion to summon any of us before him, for behaviour of this sort, he should be content with the measure that every gentleman, of the party, would translate three papers each, of the Spectator; but, as for me, who gave the party, he was very sorry to be compelled so to do, but it was absolutely necessary, for the enforcement of discipline, in the university, and as an example to others, that I should pay a visit to the country, and there ruralize, for the space of a term. With this, he informed us, that he had nothing further to say, except that he hoped a spirit for the classics might, no more, be displayed in scenes of such disgraceful

debauchery, as that, which he had the misfortune, and pain of witnessing, on the preceding night.

Thus was I made the scape-goat, on whose head, the sins of my fellow-gowns-men were to be divested; so, heartily, damning, in petto, the good-natured proctor, I resolved, instead of going home, to retire, very quietly, to Woodstock. In fact, the whole affair of my rustication, from beginning to end, was kept a secret from my friends.

My absence, from Oxford, lasted for a much longer period than that of the one term's exile, to which I had been condemned. The reader may ask why it should be so? That he shall know in time: suffice it to say, at present, that so it was.

CHAP. XVIII.

A STROLL IN BLENHEIM PARK. ORIGIN
OF EVIL.*Mecum meditabor.—VIRG.*

My seventh term had, now, been concluded, at the university, during which, and the vacation preceding, all the events recorded took place. Having, no longer, any business to detain me at Oxford, I departed, previous to retiring to Woodstock, homeward, and remained, with my friends, for some few weeks, at the close of which, I left them, declaring my intention not to show them my

face again, for some time ; so deeply should I be engaged, with my studies, for the next year or two : accordingly, I took my leave, with all their good wishes for the success of my application.

It did not occupy much time to settle me, in very decent lodgings, at Woodstock, the place I had fixed on, in which to pass the period of my exile. The back windows of my residence looked upon the park ; and, finding myself entirely alone, except when my friends rode over to pay me an occasional visit, my mind was, necessarily, directed to study, and compelled to find, in employment, a rescue from the horrors of ennui. As my windows opened to the verdant groves and lawns of the park, it may be, easily, conceived that I could but ill bear the confinement of my room, however requisite to promote the purposes of application, and it, consequently, used to be my delight to pursue my studies,

in contemplating the work, immediately engaging my attention, in the sequestered retreats, which the park afforded.

- The indulgence of these solitary reflections, I may say, occupied part of the happiest days of my life. It, perhaps, did me one mischief, by confirming me in a melancholy tone of mind, to which, I had, by nature, too strong a propensity ; for I contracted a habit of viewing most subjects, which came before me, upon their dark and forbidding side. I regarded the world as a mere scene of misery, vexation, and disappointment ; and life, I considered, in no other light than that of a wretched state of probation. I viewed men, as unhappy sufferers, and, hence, I thought, that the sooner their trials, distresses, and misfortunes were closed, by a release from their mortal state, the better. I was, unconsciously, drawn into the habit of thinking thus, nor was there a single passage with

which I met, in the perusal of any classical writer, who happened to touch my favourite theme, which failed to excite my mind to indulge in speculations upon it. This melancholy tone of thought, I should add, had, in no small degree, been brought on, by the disgust, I felt, in considering how much I had thrown myself away, owing to the indolence and profligacy, of which, my conscience told me, I was guilty, so that, though these reflections were, as I have said, a pleasure to me, in some respects, yet they were a testimony of the sickness, which preyed upon my heart, and of the morbid state of my mind, at an early age; still, there was a ~~pleasure~~ about them, which I cannot look back upon, without feeling that the hours and days, in which they were experienced, were happier than any which I have known since, or had known before.

How truly does the poet speak! said I,

obeying the first impulse of my feelings, on reading the passage subjoined.*

Are we then to consider life, a mere misery, and nothing more? Surely not, answers our parson, after a little reflection. Surely not! is it not rather to be contemplated as a blessing, since it is given us as a passport to a state of eternal, and supreme happiness? a passport, which it is in every one's power to secure, by pursuing the means, pointed out, to him, through revelation.

Alas! it is all very well to talk thus. In

* As the author omitted to insert the passage to which he alludes, in his MS.; but has merely mentioned the classic in which it occurs, the editor cannot, with any certainty, supply the reference; but, from the reflections which follow in the text, he conceives that a sentiment in one of the chorusses of the *Antigone* of Sophocles was in contemplation.

The purport is, that it is happiest for a man never to have been born, or, when born, to meet with a speedy release from the unhappiness, which attends human existence.—E.D.

our weak minds, a conflict will arise, on so mysterious a subject, nor can we help enquiring, what was the good of ever creating beings, with a chance of their incurring the penalty of eternal damnation, notwithstanding the chance; on the other hand, of their gaining the meed of eternal bliss? Is it compatible with our idea of mercy, to send a being, into existence, not of his own will, a frail, fleshy being, born of sin, and prone to evil, composed of lustful, and impatient passions, to take his chance of being damned or blessed, after passing through a life of much pain and suffering, both mental and corporeal, and, from his nature, more likely to incur the sentence of damnation? What was the object to be gained, by creating beings on such terms? Could any thing more be gained than by not having created such beings at all?

The subject is too mysterious, for us mortals, with limited reason, to comprehend,

and it is profane to endeavour to combat the wisdom of ordinances, which have seemed good to a being, whose ways are inscrutable.

That God is the principle of good, is certain; for all that is delightful, lovely, exalted, and dear to man proceeds from him. To suppose that evil exists, in a being of such purity, and goodness, would be the height of impiety; yet, whence does evil proceed? for that evil mingles with all the good, we too bitterly feel.

Are there two principles? Surely not; for then there would be two equal powers, supremely, ruling over the universe; but we know that there is but one, who sways over every thing, spiritual and human, and that one, is God. He, we are sure, is the principle of good, which is directly opposite to evil, and consequently, both cannot concur, in one and the same being, if we believe the dictates of reason to be true, and if we place faith in scripture, which describes that being as per-

factly pure, and with the idea of whom, all impurity is inconsistent.

Where then is the principle of evil to be sought? Certainly not in God; nor can we say that Satan, the evil one, is a principle, for there can be only one original and pre-existent principle, and this must be God. As far as reason will allow us to conclude, it must be that evil is the abuse of free will, which, by God, was imparted to the angel, who, with his confrères, fell from heaven.

The abuse, then, of free will is that, of which evil consists, and this was, first, manifested in Satan; but then, although we tremble to say it, was Satan, entirely the cause of acting evilly? If he had a power given him, which comprehended in it the capability of acting ill, equally with that of acting well, would not the seed of this ill or evil, rest in the power of giving it birth? and whence proceeded that power? Whence, but from the giver? In whom then must be seated the

origin of evil? The question is, however, too dark and dreadful to be pursued. Lost, amazed, bewildered, and terrified, the mind shrinks from the very gift of reason, with which it has been endowed, since it leads itself into the fearful labyrinth of enquiry: it turns away, with horror, from searching into that, which it can never comprehend, the bare thought of which is sufficient to madden it; and it dares not to wander upon so awful a subject, without deserting it to ask forgiveness for its presumption, of that spirit, from which it emanated.

Whatever the reflections of man may be, concerning the Deity, however much he may be inclined to doubt, search, and scrutinize as to the nature of his Creator, of this one thing he is certain, that, whatever that being may be, he is, irresistibly, under his control, a mere creature of him, whom he must, of necessity, obey. Whether he will, or not, he must propitiate a power, which it is idle for

him to attempt to oppose ; and, therefore, he had better resign himself humbly and cheerfully to its decrees, thankful for the blessings, he enjoys, and happy in having, for his friend, God, whom it would be destruction to him to make his foe. It is, indeed, vain to kick against the pricks !

CHAP. XIX.

THE LATE DOUBTS DISSOLVED.

Ex fumo dare lucem† —HOR.

On further consideration, do we not see, if there were no such thing as evil, we should not understand what good means, as there would be nothing opposed to it, whereby it should be explained and felt; therefore, as this is effected by evil, evil itself is a good, and, consequently, may, very well be comprehended, as a necessary ingredient, and portion of one and the same principle of both. In fact, it is absolutely necessary for the under-

† Surely, Horace must have been aware of one property of gas.—ED.

standing of good, that evil should exist, and for its existence also ; for what is doing good, but actively shunning its opposite, evil, in doing things of a contrary nature. Wherefore, if there were no opposite to shun, where would good be ? It could not exist. Hence it follows that, for all which is good, we are indebted to evil. By the difference of the nature of the two, that of each, is rendered discernible, which otherwise never could be the case.

Of two things, different in their nature, there must be different agents. God, then, is the agent of good, Satan that of evil ; yet, to make the nature of God, and his works, apparent, it was necessary that there should be an influence, acting in a different direction. Thus, it could not be otherwise, in the dictates of supreme wisdom, than that there should be an ingredient of an opposite nature, to constitute the composition of good. It must, also, necessarily, follow, that good

could not, possibly, spring from that wisdom, which was its origin, without being accompanied by evil. That wisdom, then, is, at once, the origin of good, and of evil, and, to be the origin of the first, woe it must, necessarily, also be that of the last.

This appears to me the only way of solving the mystery of the origin of evil, of dissipating the queries of philosophers who have demanded how, from God, a being so totally and intrinsically pure, could evil emanate or derive birth.

To conclude this grand and awful subject, with some remarks relative to the state of man, instead of murmuring against God, for creating him with passions, and propensities to err, he ought to be thankful, beyond all power of expression, God has made man a free agent! an agent independent of himself! under no control, over his actions! How proud should man be of such a privilege, since, now, he can claim merit for all the

good actions he does, whereas, if he had no free agency, but acted like a machine, on springs, touched by some hand, directing its movements externally, what pride could he feel, in any good actions, which he performed? What merit could he claim for them? In what a degrading state would he be situated! What satisfaction would there have been to him in acting well, if he could not act otherwise? But now, as he can act otherwise, he is able, by repressing the lusts, the passions, and the tumults of the soul, to feel what to be good, signifies, and, from this coercion and victory over his grosser part, he derives that which constitutes real happiness; for the cause then, whence this results, he never can be too thankful, to God.

CHAP. XX.

ANOTHER TURN IN THE PARK. PARTI-
GULAR PROVIDENCE. WHITSUN ALE.

What din breaks in upon my musings ?

OLD PLAY.

I had, this morning, been much shocked, by the intelligence of some very grievous, and heavy misfortunes, which had befallen the family of a young man, a relation of my friend Bob —, who had been paying me a visit ; and this melancholy subject haunted me, to such a degree, that I was unable to direct my attention to any thing else.

The reflections of my usual stroll, in the park, that evening, were derived from this source, and employed themselves upon the question of the presence or absence of Providence, with regard to the actions, and circumstances of individuals.

It appeared to me, that God, considering he had done enough, in gifting us with reason, sent us into the world to take our chance of incurring ills and misfortunes, or not, just as it might happen, whether they were occasioned by our own neglect and folly, or by the malignity of others; and, consequently, that, generally speaking, there was no such guardian over each person, as a particular providence. This, I say, was my opinion, at that time, and at that moment. I may have changed my sentiments, on this subject, since, and think very differently; but to continue.—

I believe, said I, in a particular providence, in some instances, but not in all; only in

those cases where its exercise may be for the general good of society; as, for example, in raising, by unsearchable ways, and an unaccountable train of circumstances, a man, from obscurity, to a high station, in the capacity of a statesman, or a warrior, for the good of his country. I can, however, by no means, be induced to think that particular providence is exercised, in all instances, or else, why do so many worthy, and innocent persons suffer so cruelly, and so perpetually, as they do? a truth which appears very little consistent with our idea of the mercy of God.

It will be alleged, in answer to this, that God acts, thus, seemingly, harshly, to try how such persons will endure that, which it is his pleasure to inflict, and that, proportionally to the degree of patience, with which they bear it, will their reward be, hereafter, increased. To this again, it may, on the other hand, be answered, that such a visitation is a severe

and cruel probation ; and a sad temptation, to frail mortal things of flesh, to intruder :

After all, how can we say that God inflicts, on men, more than they deserve ? Many, who appear innocent and pure, in the eyes of the world, may, to the all-searching eye of God, present a very different semblance ; so that we must pause before we dare to raise our voices against the dispensations of Providence, who, we must allow, is a better judge upon the deserts of his creatures than they themselves can be.

As to the point, before adverted to, of some being raised from obscurity, above others, no one can complain of injustice in God's doing so, since, if all were raised, equally, there would be none subordinate to others ; and, consequently, the degrees and ranks in society would be dissolved, and government itself would be, also, at an end. God has plac'd some to command, others to obey. This was the order

observed, in the scale of creation, and, in directing his dispensations conformably to this canon, he acts, with justice, to all mankind. Still, however, in effecting this, he acts, in the exercise of his particular providence, in particular instances, only, although, for the general good of the whole system.

* * * *

Here I was suddenly roused from my reflections, by the sounds of tabors, flutes, pipes, tambarines, and fiddles, mingled with shouts of merriment, and rustic songs, all indicative of glee, and rural festivity; and, having now passed the gates of the park, I was able to discern the quarter, whence the sounds of this merry-making proceeded. On enquiry, I learned, from an honest, chubby-looking clod-pole, that the present occasion was one of no small importance, in the vicinity of Woodstock, since it recurred once, only, in the space of seven long years; that the period of

its celebration was, always, at Whitsuntide, and that it was denominated, by the ancient appellation of an ale.

Off I walked to be a spectator of the festivities of the Whitsun ale. On elbowing through the throng, the first fellow I met, who was engaged as a party in the revels, was an old man, dressed up in the motley garb of a Tom Fool or clown, and I must say for him, he looked his character to perfection.

How do master ? cried he. May I ask your honour, what you call that yonder ? pointing to a painted, wooden horse, placed in the middle of a ring.

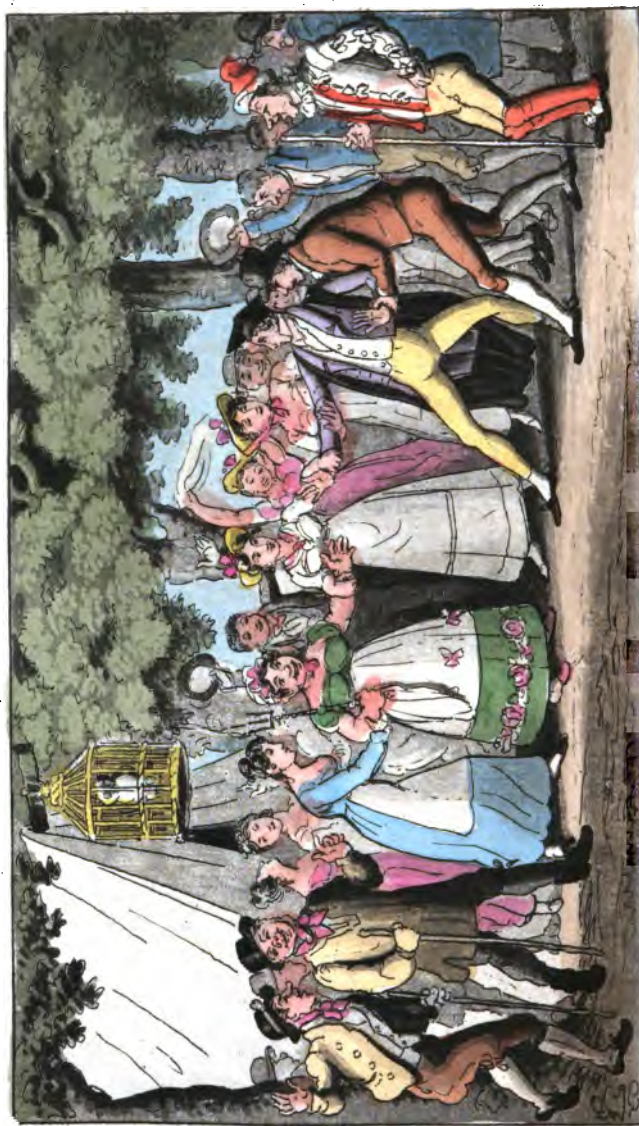
A wooden horse, to be sure, said I. What should you think it was ?

A shilling, Sir, if you please, answered the clown, a forfeit, if you please, Sir.

A forfeit ! a forfeit ! what for ? I enquired. I'll give you no shilling, I assure you.

Bring out his lordship's gelding. Here's a gentleman wishes for a ride ! Bring out the





J. H. & Co. Ltd.

WHITEN ALE IN BLENNIM PARK.

London, No. 11, White Horse Road, White Horse, London, W. 1.

gelding ! His lordship's groom, hey ! Tell her ladyship to be mounted !

Here I was seized by four or five clumsy clod-poles, dressed up in coloured rags, and ribbons. They were, forthwith, proceeding to place me on the wooden hobby, just mentioned, behind an ugly, red-haired, freckled trull, who personated the lady of the revels, I bellowed out that I would pay the forfeit without more to do ; and, thus, was I sconced of a shilling, for not calling the cursed, wooden hobby his lordship's gelding. Shortly after, one of her ladyship's maids of honour came up to me, and begged me to look at the pretty bird, in the cage, hanging over her ladyship's saloon, or dirty oblong tent, made of tarpaulin. This was a great, ugly, white owl, stuffed ; and I thought I should be safe by answering that it was the very handsomest owl, I had ever seen ! No sooner had I uttered this, than the fair maid of

honour screamed out, in a treble, shriller than the squeak of a Christmas porker, or a pig-driver's horn, a forfeit, Sir, if you please. A shilling forfeit !

Pooh ! said I, I've paid forfeits enough !

On which, continuing in the same strain, bring out her ladyship's cook ! here's a gentleman wishes to marry her ! On this, all the dirty baggages, which formed the groupe of her ladyship's maids of honour, brought out a fat, ugly wench, with a nose and cheeks, reddened with brick-dust, and bearing a toasting-fork, in one hand, and a dish-clout in the other ; and were on the point of commencing a mock ceremony of marriage, between myself and this fair syren of the kitchen, in the course of which, I was to have received three pricks, with the toasting fork, on each buttock, and to have had my nose wiped with the dish-clout, had I not saved myself by producing a shilling, as the penalty of my mistake, which consisted, as I

was, afterwards, given to understand, in not denominating the stuffed owl, her ladyship's canary-bird.

I bore these frolics with much good-humour ; but, nevertheless, had no wish to encounter any more of them, so I withdrew from the interior of the festive circle, and mingled with the crowd, which spread itself, on all sides around. At short intervals, tents were erected for the purpose of dancing ; and all the maidens and swains of the whole country round, were hoofing and clumping, down the middle and up again, beneath their welcome canopy. Amongst others, I espied one village damsel, who was far superior to her fellows, both in her appearance and her notion of moving. In fact, I looked on her so long, that I began to feel an inclination to be further acquainted with her, and to examine, more closely, her pretty, fresh-coloured cheeks, dark, auburn curls, ruby lips, and smiling countenance. Nor was it long before

an opportunity was afforded me, as the termination of the first set of country dances had now taken place ; so, after accosting her with sundry expressions of my admiration, at her dancing, and the prettiness of her attitudes, I got into tolerably close chat with my country charmer ; and, at length, prevailed on her to retire, from the scene of revelry, to the park, to cool herself by a quiet stroll under the leafy shade, with which suggestion she was not reluctant to comply ; and, accordingly, with as much gallantry as the bumpkin of her heart would have done it, I placed her arm within my own, and conducted her footsteps somewhere, towards the quarter of Rosamond's tower, marked, now, by a well, shaded with trees.

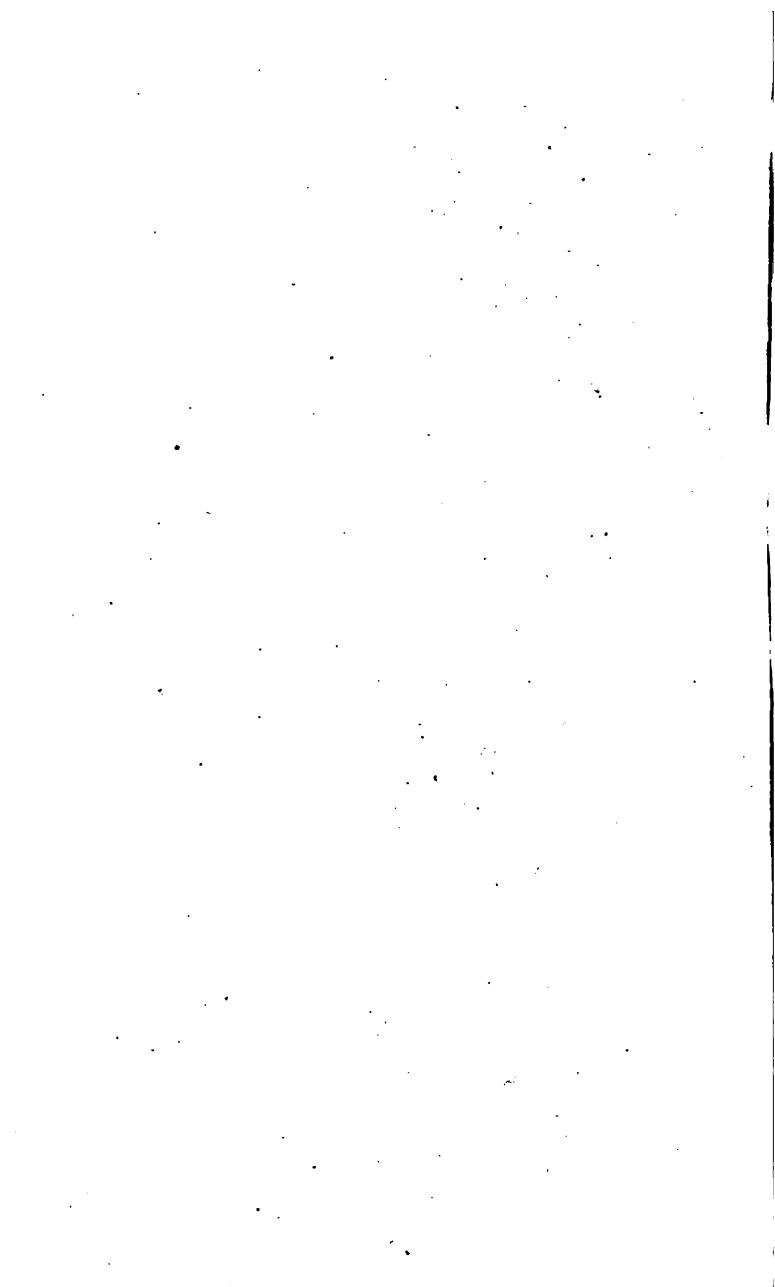
So engrossed was I, with the company of my pretty shepherdess, that I did not bestow a thought upon the scenes, of which that fatal spot had been witness. In fact, my new acquaintance turned out so highly agreeable and



J. Pindley Sculp.

ROSA MURD'S WALK, IN BLENHEIM PARK.

London, Pub^d. 14, Dec. 1783. By J. Pindley del. & M. Goussier Sculp.



gratifying, that I could think of nothing else except the sentiments, expressed by drunken Barnaby, in his first journey, with respect to his hostess at Woodstock :

**Gratior sociis est jucundis
Mille mortuis Rosamondis.**

CHAP. XXI.

A SURPRISE. PAST AND PRESENT TIMES.
REVIVAL OF OLD ENGLISH HOSPITALITY.

Quis novus hic nostris successit sedibus hospes ?

VIRG.

I had now been in exile, for a week or ten days. No very long time to be sure ; but quite long enough to have become the subject of observation, and curiosity, amongst the good folks of the town of Woodstock. I constantly met the inhabitants of the place, in my solitary strolls ; tanners chiefly, and girls who sold the gloves, for which that place is so renowned, but passed them by, without taking

any notice of them, or suffering my eyes to encounter the scrutiny of their's. Some, I understood, supposed me mad, while others took me for a methodist. The girls all declared that I must be in love. Whatever might have been the remarks, which were occasioned by my stay, and reserved musings, they were not destined to have a very long continuance.

I was, one day, sauntering about, by the side of the water, in the park, with the ethics of Aristotle in my hand, and happened to fix my eye on that passage, in which, the philosopher excludes the youthful and heedless from being hearers of his lectures, (for such were the precepts which the volume of the Ethics contains) the very persons, one should fancy, who ought to gain the readiest admittance to them, as standing most in need of the good admonitions, which they convey. The old pedagogue, thought I, who some time ago, I remember, found fault with Cambridge

for immorality of conduct, would, I am sure, excuse the Oxonians, if he should have found them also liable to that charge, since the very philosopher, whose system of morals is put into our hands, turns his back upon us, by giving us to know that we can derive no benefit from his instructions, and have, therefore, no business to listen to them.

Let me see, said I to myself, where was it I saw that old quizz? Oh! it was in the diligence, on my road to Paris. I recollect there were also, besides himself, an old, starched female, the Cantab, his antagonist, and a gentleman, who supped with me, the evening before our journey, at the hotel at Calais.

I had no sooner uttered these words, than some one passed me. I fancied him the identical person of whom I last spoke, and, in which supposition, I was confirmed, by having a full view of his countenance, upon his turning round, after he had proceeded about two yards beyond me. He looked as

if he recollected me, and, as I was very glad to recognize him, I walked up, mentioning that I thought I had once the pleasure of travelling with him to Paris. We now shook hands, very cordially, and entered into familiar conversation.

We had been walking up and down, in front of the palace of Blenheim, for some time, till the evening had crept on apace, and it was sufficiently late to think of retiring homeward. On entering the town, I requested my companion to walk into my lodgings with me, and spend an hour or two, which would consume the rest of the evening. He willingly complied, and, accordingly, we were soon seated to an excellent repast of stewed tench, which had not long been taken out of the preserve of fish, at the bottom of the lake in the park, and a remaining bottle of that very Claret, which had served as an apology for Chian wine, at my Athenian entertainment. This circumstance recalling that classical

festival to my recollection, I gave my friend a description of it, with all the attendant circumstances. He was highly amused; and, on taking leave of me, for the night, hoped that he should see me the next morning, at the Bear, to breakfast with him, and I promised to be with him, in due season.

At nine o'clock I repaired to the inn, and was conducted, by the waiter, to the room, in which breakfast was prepared. I was not a little startled, on beholding, instead of the companion of the preceding evening, the person of that mysterious, elderly gentleman, who had been the preserver of my life on the banks of the Seine, and my benefactor in relieving the pecuniary embarrassments, with which I was distressed, in Paris.

Do you know me? exclaimed he, as I was hastening up to shake hands with him, and, at the same time, to apologize for the mistake, which, I fancied, I must have made, in entering the room, which he occupied.



J. P. W. & Co.

BEAR INN, WOODSTOCK.

London, Pub. 14 Dec. 1833 by J. P. W. & Co. 24, Opere, Albionade.



Do you know me, my dear Sir ?

I ought, indeed, to know you, I answered, and have been very uneasy that I have, for so long a time, been deprived of the possibility of repaying your kindness, by my entire ignorance of your residence, or name. Allow me to thank you Sir, again and again, for your generous assistance, and permit me to know where you are to be found, that I may lose no time in discharging the debt, which I owe you.

O pshaw ! pshaw ! he cried, interrupting me, don't mention a circumstance, which I have forgotten, this long while ; but just look at me again. Do you know me now ? Here he, with amazing adroitness, tore off a patch, which was placed over his right eye, wiped some brown stain off his face, discarded an old grey spencer, and a scratch wig, and presented me with the figure of the very person, at whose invitation I was present in the room !

I was equally amused and astonished at so sudden a metamorphose, and, after regarding this Proteus for a few moments, till my surprise was, in some measure, diminished, So ! so ! then, I observed, I now perceive that my travelling companion, from Calais, my guest of yesterday evening, and the gentleman who, first, became acquainted with me, at the corner of St. Mary's, in Oxford, and who was afterwards so much my friend in Paris, are one and the same person ! No wonder, the people, at the hotel, could give me no intelligence of the old gentleman, in the grey spencer, whom I enquired for, after he had abruptly vanished from my sight, when he has the art of taking on him a different shape and appearance, so expeditiously !

Ha ! ha ! ha ! my young friend, said he, laughing, I thought I should surprise you, by playing off such a harlequin-trick as that, which you have just witnessed ; and now, I should tell you, the reason for the adoption of

these different shapes, has been, that I might trace your footsteps, and be near you, without any fear that you would detect me. I have, before, expressed to you, that the interest, you excited in me, the first time I saw you, was so strong, that, connected with a feeling that you were more nearly allied to me than by a mere descent from our general father, Adam, that I was determined not to lose sight of you. In order that we may talk together, further, on the subject, you shall, if you are willing to oblige me so far, accompany me to my residence, which lies about one hundred miles from this, whither it is my intention to set out, shortly after breakfast.

My surprise being rather increased than abated, by my companion's present request, I answered that there could be nothing, in my power, which I should not be too ready to do, to oblige him, and, if my accompanying him home would be, in any way, satisfactory, I should be delighted to set out with him.

Ay, and you will stay with me, resumed he I hope for a short time ; at any rate, until you have been told all the reasons for my strange impressions concerning the tie between us, and I am a little more sure whether they are fallacious or not ? but, at present, let us sit down to breakfast. I question whether the coffee is not, already, nearly cold.

Our repast over, the horses were at the door by a quarter before eleven o'clock, and off we set, with a very fine day for our journey.

What an extremely venerable old house that is, I observed, pointing to an ancient, ivy-grown mansion, built of Oxfordshire stone, about twelve miles to the north of Woodstock. Its walls, I dare say, have many a time echoed to the merriment, which it was the pride of our forefathers to promote.

Yes ! it has indeed ! returned my companion. I should think, by its appearance, that it is, at least, a couple of hundred years old. The gable-ends, of the upper story, would

indicate, perhaps, a style of building, of an earlier date, even, than that of two hundred years ago. It is a truly venerable monument of an old English mansion.

Ay, those were times indeed, I replied, the reign of hospitality flourished then, and every man's country-seat was his dwelling-place, his permanent home; but it is not so now. The proprietors of seats, in these days, live more than half the year, in the metropolis, and spend the other half in visits to the continent, without bestowing a thought upon the mansions, which their sires had handed down to them, and, at which, they felt an honest pride in residing. I could enumerate many instances of the neglect of places, sacred from the recollections of ancestry to which they must give rise; a neglect, which I never can contemplate without considering it as a great want of feeling.

Want of feeling, you may call it, interest, said Colonel Cawdore, for such, had he in-

formed me, while at breakfast, was his name, when this neglect of ancestry is wantonly exercised; but, I assure you, I am happy in being able to cite many instances of those, who take a pride in keeping up the mansions of their forefathers, in as great a degree, as others desert them, and leave them a prey to ruin and desolation. As to going abroad, the rage, for that, will soon be over, when curiosity has been fully gratified. It is no great wonder that, after so many years of warfare, and necessary confinement at home, people are willing to seize upon the opportunity, afforded by peace, of seeing countries, which have so much to recommend them to notice, as have those of the continent of Europe.

Switzerland and Italy, in particular, interrupted I.

Yes; such a curiosity is highly excusable, nay, highly laudable; but how many are there, whose feelings of gratification have caused them to forget those of pride, who

have been content to take up their abode, in a town of Italy or France, and sell, to some wealthy son of trade, the habitations of their family, in Britain. They should, as soon, have thought of parting with life, one would suppose, as of making such a sacrifice ! And for what pray ? For the sake of mere change of place, and of drinking better wine.

And, interposed Colonel Cawdore, of enjoying a better climate, and living more cheaply.

Nay, nay, I continued, that latter particular is answered, in, not many instances ; only in those of persons going abroad, expressly for the purpose of living economically ; but, generally speaking, economy is, by no means, the object, in view, of English emigrants to the continent ; and, as for the climate, do you think it is a sufficient excuse, to our own good feeling, to say that the reason we barter our inheritances at home, is, to enjoy a climate,

a little less influenced by sea-breezes and rains, than our native island ?

Yes; but, my dear Sir, answered the Colonel, supposing a man is unable to live in the atmosphere of Britain, supposing his lungs are not proof against its damp fogs, and the bleak east-winds of February and March, with which it is assailed, or is sick of its perpetual rains, surely, is he not quite right to remove to a climate where he can enjoy life, rather than remain at home, though it be ever so dear to him, as being the seat of ancestors, with an, almost, certain chance of figuring in the bills of mortality, every time he takes the air, and thus, fesssooth, satisfying his conscience, in paying respect to the great grandfather, who preceded him in the possession of an old gable-ended house, at the expense of his life ?

It may be the case, in some instances, I replied. It is true that some can, positively, not live in the climate of England; but it is

the case with, comparatively, very few. Are we, pray, more delicate than our ancestors? Did not they endure our climate, subject to all the changes, to which its situation, as an island, exposes it? and why should not we? But I am glad you mentioned that you knew persons who still took a pride in cherishing the spirit of old English hospitality, and domestic merriment.

Indeed I do, said the Colonel. I was present, a year or two ago, at one of the merriest family-parties, I ever witnessed, in my life. It was assembled to celebrate the season of Christmas. I assure you, you would have believed that, the old times of English, rural festivity had returned. The benevolence and hospitality of mine host was shown, not only within the domestic circle, beneath his roof; but extended, also, to the promotion of the general happiness of his whole tenantry. Every villager, on the estate,

was a participator in the effects of his liberality.

Good! cried I, so should a tenantry feel mine, if I possessed the means.

The Colonel smiled, and continued. There was a lord of misrule both in the house, and in the village. In the morning, all the rustic inhabitants came up to the mansion, and sung carols before it, dressed in their best attire, and received various little presents, of one kind or another, adapted to the wants and situation of each. The old women were provided with a good warm blanket each, which they received at the hands of my lady's head waiting-woman. Each of the men had a foaming tankard of ale, to drink my lord's health in, with the addition, to some of them, of an utensil of husbandry, a new scythe, axe, or spade; and, to the old, a cloak of grey cloth, or a bible; while the lasses were presented with some little bauble or other, a

ribbon, a thimble, or a bodkin-case, by the young master, as they called him, who did not, however, dispense his favours, without receiving a kiss, from each of the rosy partakers of his bounty, and a promise of another, when he should ask it, at some future period. After this, the honest people all went to enjoy themselves, on the good cheer, which their lord had provided them, consisting of an ox, roasted whole, a quantity of plum-porridge, and as much ale as they might think sufficient to wash it down.

With us in-door guests, mirth, merriment, dancing, laughing, and singing, were the order of the day, for a whole week, sans intermission. Every dinner was characterized by those important features, in the ancient festivities of the Christmas season, the boar's head, with an orange in his mouth; a huge venison pasty; carp, stewed in Claret, and a list of delicacies, of which, I cannot enumerate one quarter.

In the old hall, there was such a din of pipes and flutes, and other instruments, such a romping among my host's young friends, who were his guests during the vacation, with hobby-horses, mock fights, whirligigs, battle-doers and shuttlecocks, and dances, of all descriptions, that I thought the old walls would have tumbled down about our ears.

No, Sir, interrupted I, I warrant you they exulted in the honest mirth : instead of falling down, they would rather have stood still, in astonishment, at the revival of their youthful days ; but, by this time, we had arrived at the——Hotel, Lichfield, which concluded our journey of that day ; so we alighted from our vehicle, and followed the landlady, to an apartment, into which she ushered us, and ordered supper.

CPAP. XXII.

HOTEL, LICHFIELD. BOSWELL VINDI-
CATED.

Movemur, nescio quo pacto, locis ipais, in
quibus eorum, quos admiramur, adsunt res-
tigia.—Cic.

A nice comfortable inn this, remarked the
Colonel, as we were seated, at supper, before
a bright, blazing fire. If Dr. Johnson had
been aware of the comforts and conveniences,
which are afforded a traveller, at an hotel, he
would not have thought so highly of the
delights of a tavern.

Aye, hotels are a modern introduction, with which he was not acquainted : that is, hotels, on the very superior scale of accommodation, at which they are established, now-a-days. The inns, in his time, were, for the most part, but poor places, though it is not much more than fifty years since he died : so vast, and so rapid has been the improvement in these places of accommodation, so great the progress of civilization, within the last half century !

Yet, observed Colonel Cawdore, what would we not give to be in the company of the Doctor, here, in his native place, though it were in the vilest tavern, which ever existed.

Yes, I replied, we would willingly forego all the convenience and cleanliness of the hotel, in which we are, upon terms so exalted as those of being honoured with the company of such a sage as Johnson, and of listening to the precepts of learning, morality, and piety, which proceeded, in language so eloquent,

from his tongue. How often have I envied Boswell an hour of his intercourse with Dr. Johnson.

Oh! don't mention Boswell, cried the Colonel, I can't bear him! Such a sycophant never existed. How nauseous it is to read his fulsome pages of adulation and praise of the Doctor. Now, I wonder, Johnson did not despise his meanness. How could he have liked him so!

In the first place, my dear Sir, said I, Johnson was vain, like other men, and delighted in praise; and, in the next place, I think you do poor Boswell wrong, to abuse him so.

What, don't you think he was a sad flatterer?

Why, certainly, he deals, very lavishly, in praise of his illustrious friend, as he calls him; but I do believe it was the unfeigned language of his heart. Boswell really adored Johnson: his praise proceeded from no idea of flattering

that great man ; but from the undisguised love and admiration of his heart. No, I think you are unfair in calling Bozzy a sycophant.

Well, said the Colonel, if he does not appear in so bad a light as that, he must be considered highly absurd, to have suffered his feelings of admiration, so much, to get the better of him, as to deal out his praises, as he used to do, in a set form, upon the Doctor's talent's and virtues, before his face.

Why, perhaps, answered I, he may appear a little absurd; but still there is some excuse for him, when we consider the great character of Johnson, in the first place, and the implicit deference and respect, which all the first men of the day, paid him: when we see Wilkes, Burke, and Fox, complimenting him, we may excuse poor Bozzy, if his head was turned, a little, by the confidence and friendship of so illustrious a man. We may excuse him, for indulging, though it were too freely,

in his praises, and, perhaps, for the vanity, which he felt, in being known as Johnson's friend.

* * * *

It was now late, and we retired for the night. How an English traveller, in America or Italy, would have blessed his stars to have been conducted, by the chambermaid, to such a bed-room as that into which a pretty, smiling, blue-eyed, cherry-cheeked, little wench, lighted me at the —Hotel, Lichfield.

CHAP. XXIII.

AN AMUSING INCIDENT. SPECIMEN OF
TRULY OXONIAN GALLANTRY. CURRENT
NEWS OF THE DAY AT OXFORD.


Spectatum admissi risum teneatis amici.—Hox.

I had not been in bed, above a quarter of an hour, before I heard a noise of tittering, and a bustle, as it were, of persons moving about the room, with the snatching of kisses at intervals. I instantly conjectured that it must arise from some amorous gentleman, saluting little Betty, the chambermaid, and my curio-

sity, though on so trifling a subject, was sufficiently excited to occasion me to jump out of bed, and apply my eye to the key-hole of a door, by which there was a communication between my own room, and that, from which, this noise proceeded.

After having peeped, for a moment or two, I had been able to gain a tolerably good view of what was going on. I found that I had not been mistaken in my conjectures, and was further, somewhat surprised, at seeing, in the youth, who was paying his addresses, thus warmly, to little Betty, my old college friend Jack——

On this, I instantly shuffled on my trowsers, coat and waistcoat, and turned the handle of the door, in order to open it, and, at once, introduce myself. Luckily, it was neither locked nor bolted, by some mistake or other, and, as I turned it very softly, my intrusion, on the privacy, of Jack and Betty, was unperceived, till after I had been standing, some



moments, stifling my laughter, at beholding my worthy friend, kissing his cherry-cheeked fair, until he was completely out of breath. At length, not being, any longer, able to contain myself, I burst into a loud fit of laughter, which not a little startled Jack, and quite frightened, and overwhelmed poor Betty, who was exceedingly anxious to make good her retreat, on such a discovery. God knows what might have befallen her next: but Jack's presence of mind had not deserted him, so much, as to allow him to let her go so easily; continuing, therefore, to retain her, he looked in my face, and, seeing who the intruder was, joined loudly, in his good-natured way, in the laugh with me, while I took his other hand, which he held out to me, and shook it heartily.

What! it is you, you old rascal? I cried, when I had a little recovered from my laughing-fit. What, the deuce, brings you here? Ought not you to be keeping term, at Oxford?



J. Findley Engr.

THE OXONIAN, BETTY, AND JACK.



Keeping term ! exclaimed Jack, no ; thank Heaven ! I've no occasion to keep terms, any longer. You must congratulate me. I^t passed my examination, three days after you were sent away, to ruralize ; took my degree the day after my examination, and am now amusing myself, in moving about, from one place to another, till I go home, which I shall do in a week or two. But come, since chance has thrown us together, we'll spend the night in chatting with each other. There is a good fire, as you see, and little Betty (she had, by this time, recovered herself sufficiently to resume the smile, she, generally, wore) shall run down stairs, and bring us up a bottle of our landlord's best Burgundy, and shall have a glass too herself, pretty little darling, added he, preparing to recommence the attack upon her lips, in which he had, lately, been so warmly engaged. This, however, was too much for Betty's modesty, and so, twisting herself out of Mr. Jack's grasp, she skipped

off to the door, promising to bring up the wine, and glasses, immediately.

We had not seated ourselves by the fire, above five minutes, before Betty returned with the Burgundy, and was, at length, permitted by Jack, not without much reluctance, on his part, and a second edition of the salute upon her lips, to make good her retreat, after having been forced to drink a bumper and a half of the best specimen of her master's cellar.

By the bye though, my dear, said he, as she was going, now I think of it, we shall want another bottle of wine. Mind, the same sort of wine. This was an excuse for a third edition of *testing Betty's lips*; but, as

* As a subject of mere curiosity, the Editor mentions that he remembers the Author intimating that, under the person of little Betty, he meant to describe a perfectly honest and pretty girl, who was chambermaid, at the Angel Inn, Oxford. As for her name, quiescat in pace,—Ed

there must be an end of all things, so there was, to this felicitous harvest of kisses, and, at last, without a chance of any further interruption, Jack and myself were, quietly, seated, opposite each other, with a glass each, filled to each other's very good health.

My dear fellow, said he, what have you been doing with yourself, since I saw you last? I have been so penned up, with my logic and divinity, Greek and Latin, that I have not stirred out, or seen a soul, except once or twice only, for these six weeks. You recollect how diligent I was, before your departure.

Have'nt you heard, from Bob, said I, that I have been close to you, at Woodstock. Bob used to pay me a visit, every other day: surely he must have told you!

At Woodstock! not a word about it! Bob never told me a syllable. In fact, I don't believe I have seen him, since you left us; but, let us hear what you have been doing, in

your exile, and how it is, that you have thought proper to wander here: or, perhaps, you have wandered here, like myself, without thinking about it at all, at all, as an Irishman would say.

I informed him of what my reader already knows, respecting my rencontre, in the park, with Colonel Cawdore, and my present visit with him; and, when I had fully gratified his curiosity, I begged, in my turn, to know what he had been about, and what pews there had been, in Oxford, since I had left it, in case Bob——had forgotten to mention the whole of what was going on.

Oh! as to news, he replied, there's nothing to tell you, out of the common way. Bill—— of Christ Church, ran off with Mary Grange, the pretty, black-eyed milliner, in St. Peter's, and returned her again, poor little girl, howling to her friends, carrying with her, but not on her back, more than she took away. Then, there's——tutor of——, was found drunk in



J. Endley. Paris.

THE PROVOST AND COOK.



a ditch, up the Headington road, with a gipsy; and then—let me see, old Austen was discomfited for letting out a tandem, and two curricles, to Ned——, of Trinity, and Claude——, of New College; and, last of all, though not, by any means, least, the provost of——was found, in his inner study, kissing his cook, holding the bible in one hand, and fumbling her bosom with the other!

A pretty budget of news, indeed, this! rejoined I; but it is nothing very uncommon neither, nor very bad. Running off with a milliner, is all the milliner's fault; and the tutor's getting drunk, was all the fault of his scouts; and the tandem-driving was all through the blockhead who let out the horses; and kissing the cook was all the insinuating bel-dame's own fault! So we cannot accuse our friends Bill or Ned, the tutor, or the worthy provost; and, supposing all which has happened, originated with themselves, why it was no-

thing very bad : there was no great harm done after all. But now for your own adventures.

Faith, I've nothing to tell you, on that point. I have mentioned the seclusion, which my studies, necessarily, imposed on me, at the critical period of an approaching examination. I know of nothing to tell you, but that, one day, I was out, riding, with about twenty or thirty more, and the geological lecturer to boot, a mighty pleasant fellow too he is, I assure you, for the purpose of hearing a lecture on the strata of the earth, the properties of matter, alluvial, diluvial, colluvial soils, and the nature of flints, chinks and brickbats, when, all on a sudden, up jumped a hare. Off we set, and put all the dogs, we had with us, on the scent, puppy, terrier, whelp, and hound, and away we scampered, over hedge and ditch, leaving our lecturer to discuss the properties of matter, and puzzle his head, over flint stones, by himself.

The most ridiculous thing, I have to tell you of, is of a certain Platonic meeting, in which I was a party, in Christ Church meadow, or rather the walk which belongs to it. One fine morning, not long before my appearance in the schools, as was my custom, I got up early, and walked out, with my logic-book in my hand, in order to look over a page or two, before breakfast. I was accompanied by our common friend H—, and, as we were walking down the broad walk of the aforesaid meadow, a girl passed us, looking amazingly sentimental : a pretty girl enough, with black hair, eyes ditto, and lips and cheeks, with as much red in them, as one could wish.

Odzooks, said H—, I've met that girl, in this place, before. She speaks French. Come, as you are fond of jabbering that lingo, Frank, suppose you take a turn with her ; and so let me leave you together.

Egad, I thank you, said L. I should like,

instructions, or rather, requested her to join me in conjugating the verb *aimer*.

We had, by this time, made the round of the meadow, and were re-entering the broad walk : just as we turned the corner, we ran right against your friend the proctor, who, having heard my proposition of conjugating the charming verb I mentioned, requested me, very gravely, to decline it. So, off I walked, leaving the young lady to manage matters, with his reverence, as well as she could.

Ha ! ha ! ha ! an admirable adventure, I declare Frank, said I, laughing. An excellent joke, on my word ; but the little confectioner doesn't appear to have turned out so sentimental as H—— had given you to expect. She seems fonder of reality, than the indulgence of mere contemplative gratifications.

Sentimental ! what was a confectioner's daughter to be sentimental about ? cried Frank. It was all humbug in H—— to talk of her sentiment : or, perhaps, her old mother,

had been gulling H——with a tirade upon her daughter's excellencies, to get him to take a fancy to her, and then, who knows? to make her Mrs. H——! It is, by no means, an uncommon speculation, you well know, of the old harridans, in the town, to try and get their daughters married to gowmsmen, and one, which has succeeded, in more than two or three instances, to my certain knowledge.

Aye, aye, I observed, and H——too is no bad subject to try such an experiment on. He is a sad giddy fool, and fancies himself in love with every girl he sees, from a countess to a kitchen-wench.

He was too cunning though, in this case, can promise you, said Frank; but what impudence it is of the old baggages of tradeswomen to form such speculations. With these views, it is, that they make their poor, awkward girls thump the keys of the piano-forte, and finger French spelling-books and grammars, instead of minding the shop,

making their own petticoats, and kneading paste.

They suffer for it though, I observed; for it ends, in nineteen cases out of twenty, in the girl being seduced, and, frequently, by the very first young scamp who gets admittance up-stairs, into her chamber.

We had now got to the end of our Burgundy, the fire was quickly dying away, being reduced to a few faintly glowing embers, and the chill of early day was keen enough to make us both shiver; so we agreed that it would be better for both of us, to crawl to bed, as quickly as possible, and, shaking hands with Frank, I wished him a good night, and, in case I should quit Lichfield, before he was up, the next morning, a good bye also, and retired, forthwith, to my room.



END OF VOL. I.

J. J. STOCKDALE, Printer and Publisher,
24, Opera Colonnade.

7 912

11. K. A. Lauenroth, *Journal of Ecology*, **71**, 434 (1983).
12. K. A. Lauenroth, *Journal of Ecology*, **72**, 1017 (1984).
13. K. A. Lauenroth, *Journal of Ecology*, **73**, 1017 (1985).
14. K. A. Lauenroth, *Journal of Ecology*, **74**, 1017 (1986).
15. K. A. Lauenroth, *Journal of Ecology*, **75**, 1017 (1987).
16. K. A. Lauenroth, *Journal of Ecology*, **76**, 1017 (1988).
17. K. A. Lauenroth, *Journal of Ecology*, **77**, 1017 (1989).
18. K. A. Lauenroth, *Journal of Ecology*, **78**, 1017 (1990).
19. K. A. Lauenroth, *Journal of Ecology*, **79**, 1017 (1991).
20. K. A. Lauenroth, *Journal of Ecology*, **80**, 1017 (1992).
21. K. A. Lauenroth, *Journal of Ecology*, **81**, 1017 (1993).
22. K. A. Lauenroth, *Journal of Ecology*, **82**, 1017 (1994).
23. K. A. Lauenroth, *Journal of Ecology*, **83**, 1017 (1995).
24. K. A. Lauenroth, *Journal of Ecology*, **84**, 1017 (1996).
25. K. A. Lauenroth, *Journal of Ecology*, **85**, 1017 (1997).
26. K. A. Lauenroth, *Journal of Ecology*, **86**, 1017 (1998).
27. K. A. Lauenroth, *Journal of Ecology*, **87**, 1017 (1999).
28. K. A. Lauenroth, *Journal of Ecology*, **88**, 1017 (2000).
29. K. A. Lauenroth, *Journal of Ecology*, **89**, 1017 (2001).
30. K. A. Lauenroth, *Journal of Ecology*, **90**, 1017 (2002).
31. K. A. Lauenroth, *Journal of Ecology*, **91**, 1017 (2003).
32. K. A. Lauenroth, *Journal of Ecology*, **92**, 1017 (2004).
33. K. A. Lauenroth, *Journal of Ecology*, **93**, 1017 (2005).
34. K. A. Lauenroth, *Journal of Ecology*, **94**, 1017 (2006).
35. K. A. Lauenroth, *Journal of Ecology*, **95**, 1017 (2007).
36. K. A. Lauenroth, *Journal of Ecology*, **96**, 1017 (2008).
37. K. A. Lauenroth, *Journal of Ecology*, **97**, 1017 (2009).
38. K. A. Lauenroth, *Journal of Ecology*, **98**, 1017 (2010).
39. K. A. Lauenroth, *Journal of Ecology*, **99**, 1017 (2011).
40. K. A. Lauenroth, *Journal of Ecology*, **100**, 1017 (2012).
41. K. A. Lauenroth, *Journal of Ecology*, **101**, 1017 (2013).
42. K. A. Lauenroth, *Journal of Ecology*, **102**, 1017 (2014).
43. K. A. Lauenroth, *Journal of Ecology*, **103**, 1017 (2015).
44. K. A. Lauenroth, *Journal of Ecology*, **104**, 1017 (2016).
45. K. A. Lauenroth, *Journal of Ecology*, **105**, 1017 (2017).
46. K. A. Lauenroth, *Journal of Ecology*, **106**, 1017 (2018).
47. K. A. Lauenroth, *Journal of Ecology*, **107**, 1017 (2019).
48. K. A. Lauenroth, *Journal of Ecology*, **108**, 1017 (2020).
49. K. A. Lauenroth, *Journal of Ecology*, **109**, 1017 (2021).
50. K. A. Lauenroth, *Journal of Ecology*, **110**, 1017 (2022).

